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Part of page 32 (second group) is cut off.
Page 282 is incorrectly numbered page 182.

H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

FOR THE USE OF CHRISTIANS.

"I will sing with the spirit."—PAUL.

FIRST CANADIAN EDITION.

OSHAWA, C. W.

Published for the Canada Christian Conference.

Printed by Henry & McMillan, Luminary Office.

1849.

BR(S)
245.21
M37 •

PREFACE.

In offering a new collection of hymns to the public, perhaps a brief apology is due to our brethren. This we freely present them.

Notwithstanding several good collections of hymns have already been published in the Christian Connection, designed by their respective compilers as standard works, yet all of them with which we are acquainted, are, in our judgment, defective in some way or other: 1st: A considerable portion of the hymns found in all of them, are not sung in any congregation, with which we are acquainted. 2d: Most of them are deficient in variety, of such hymns as our congregations need for stated use. 3d: Several hymns are found in all of them, which contain unscriptural expressions, and, in some instances, improper language. 4th: Many excellent hymns are sung in all our congregations, which are not contained in any large collection extant among us, but which have been circulated in small pamphlets, not easily preserved, nor conveniently used in our meetings for worship. All these defects we have endeavored to remedy, as far as the size of our book would permit. Yet, we may have erred in some, or even in all these particulars; but we confidently trust not. We are aware, however, that such is the

diversity of taste among Christian worshippers, relative to hymns, that it is not expected this collection, nor any other which could be made, would suit every one. We have only to say, that in our humble judgment, this collection, according to its size, is more free from the above defects, than any with which we are acquainted.

For convenience, we have divided our book into two parts. Part I. contains a selection from the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts. We have abridged several of them, and have also taken the liberty to erase unscriptural expressions where they occurred, and substitute scriptural ones in their room. Part II. contains Hymns and Scriptural Songs by different authors; a few of which have never appeared in any hymn-book before. We prefer this arrangement to that of classing hymns under different heads, or subjects. This manner of compiling a hymn-book is attended with one difficulty, at least, while at the same time it can present but little advantage. In order to make out a variety on a number of subjects, some hymns are always inserted, which, perhaps are never used in our congregations, while others, superior in merit, are omitted. Instead of classing the hymns, we have given directions over our table of first lines, how hymns on several different subjects may be readily found. (See the Index.)

We would state that the first and second parts of this book were compiled by Elders J. BADGER.

PREFACE.

V

and D. MILLARD, at the request of a large and respectable number of Elders and Brethren. May their best expectations be realized ; and may this collection of hymns aid and cheer our brethren in general, on their pilgrimage-journey, till they, with the humble compilers, shall be raised to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, with the innumerable concourse around the throne of God.

THE PUBLISHERS.

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

BY DR. WATTS.

PSALM 1, C. M.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear,
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

PSALM 2, 3.

PSALM 2, S. M.

*Portion of saints and sinners ; or hope and despair
in death.*

ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee ;
They are but thy chastising rod,
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain ;
Here, in this life, his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store ;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God ;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heav'n begun,
When I awake from death,
Dress'd in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

PSALM 3, S. M.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied ;

PSALM 3.

9

Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place,
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Though I should walk thro' death's
dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days :
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM 4, 5.

PSALM 4, C. M.

Prayer and Hope.

SOON as I heard my Father say,
 "Ye children seek my grace;"
 My heart replied, without delay,
 "I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away;
 God of my life, I fly to thee
 In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
 Leave me to want or die,
 My God will make my life his care,
 And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
 Had not my soul believed
 Thy grace would soon provide relief,
 Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

PSALM 5, C. M.

The Church is our delight and safety.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
 And my salvation too;

God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires ;
O ! grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still ;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around ;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM 6, L. M.

Health, sickness, and recovery.

FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night ;
Fondly I said within my heart,
" Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,
"What canst thou profit by my blood?
Deep in the dust can I declare
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?"

4 "Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead;"
Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love removed my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo,
Are turned to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven,
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven.

PSALM 7, S. M.

Forgiveness of sins upon confession.

O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely bless'd to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt a fest'ring wound;
'Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

PSALM 8, L. M.

God's care of the saints; or deliverance by prayer.

LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
Where saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

PSALM 9.

- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
 Their faces feel the heav'nly shine ;
 A beam of mercy from the skies
 Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents
 Around the men who serve the Lord :
 O fear and love him, all ye saints,
 Taste of his grace and trust his word !
- 6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
 And hunger, roar through all the wood :
 But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
 Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM 9, C. M.

The vanity of man as mortal.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou maker of my frame ;
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
 An inch or two of time ;
 Man is but vain and empty dust,
 In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
 Like shadows, o'er the plain ;

They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall ;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM 10, C. M.

A song of deliverance from great distress.

I WAITED patient for the Lord :
He bow'd to hear my cry ;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay ;
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

PSALM 11.

8 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad:
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love !
Thy mercies, Lord, how great !
We have not words, nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM 11, L. M.

Christ and his church ; or the mystical marriage.

THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace !
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold ;

The world admires her heav'nly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne ;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the king the more rejoice
In thee the fav'rite of his choice :
Let him be lov'd. and yet ador'd.
For he's thy Saviour and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons, a num'rous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honors crown his head,
Let every age his praises spread ;
While we, with cheerful songs, approve
The condescensions of his love.

PSALM 12, S. M.

*The beauty of the church ; or gospel worship and
order.*

FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

PSALM 13.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And councils of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And Jewish rites of old.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM 13, L. M.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace :
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

PSALM 14, S. M.

Dangerous prosperity ; or daily devotion encouraged.

THOUGH sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ;
I, in the worship of my God,
Will spend my daily breath.

PSALM 15.

2 My thoughts address his throne.
 When morning brings the light ;
 I seek his blessing every noon,
 And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
 O my eternal God !
 While sinners perish in surprise
 Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
 And no sad changes feel,
 They neither fear nor trust thy name,
 Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
 Will lean upon the Lord :
 I'll cast my burden on his arm,
 And rest upon his word.

6 Thy arm shall well sustain
 My soul of his love ;
 The pillar on which their safety stands
 No earthly power can move.

PSALM 15, S. M.

Safety in God.

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
 My heart within me dies ;

PSALM 16.

21

Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name,
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM 16, L. M.

*No trust in the creature ; or faith in divine grace
and power.*

MY spirit looks to God alone ;
My rock and refuge is his throne ;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face ;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

PSALM 17.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity ;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust ;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke ?

5 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard :
" All power is his eternal due ;
He must be feared and trusted too."

PSALM 17, C. M.

The morning of a Lord's day.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face :
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 I've seen thy glory and thy power,
Through all thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine !

3 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,

As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and king;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM 18, C. M.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore!
And since I knew thy grace at first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

PSALM 19.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song.
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

PSALM 19, C. M.

*The aged Christian's prayer and song; or old age,
death, and the resurrection.*

GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth
And told thy wond'rous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,

And leave a savor of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove ;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love !

PSALM 20, L. M.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun,
Does his successive journeys run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

5 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.]

PSALM 21, L. M.

God and his church ; or, grace and glory.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs ;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun ; he makes our day ;
God is our shield ; he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

15 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey;
And devils at thy presence flee;
Bless'd is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM 22, 6 lines 8s.

Life, death, and the resurrection.

THINK, mighty God, on feeble man:
How few his hours! how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?

2 Lord, shall it be forever said,
"The race of man was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turned to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

3 "Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward,

For all their toil, reproach, and pain :
 Let all below, and all above,
 Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,
 And each repeat a loud amen.

PSALM 23, L. M.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

A pathetic and mournful song at a funeral.

THROUGH every age, eternal God,
 Thou art our rest, our safe abode ;
 High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
 Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
 Or dust was fashioned into man :
 And long thy kingdom shall endure,
 When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
 Made up of guilt and vanity :
 Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
 "Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 Death, like an overflowing stream
 Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;
 An empty tale ; a morning flower,
 Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man !
 And kindly lengthen out our span,

"Till a wise care of piety
Fits us to die, and dwell with thee.

PSALM 24, C. M.

Man frail, and God eternal.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men ;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages, in thy sight
Are like an evening gone :
Short as the watch that end the night,
Before the rising sun.

PSALM 25, 26.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

PSALM 25, C. M.

Breathing after Heaven.

RETURN, O God of love, return ;
 Earth is a tiresome place ;
 How long shall we, thy children, mourn
 Our absence from thy face ?

2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
 Let sin and sorrow cease ;
 And, in proportion to our tears,
 So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servant show,
 Make thine own work complete ;
 Then shall our souls thy glory know
 And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
 In all thy beauty, Lord ;
 And the poor service we have done
 Meet a divine reward.

PSALM 26, S. M.

The frailty and shortness of life.

LORD, what a feeble piece,
 Is this, our mortal frame ?

Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name.

2 Alas! 'twas brittle clay
That built our bodies first!
And ev'ry month, and every day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of bless'd eternity.

PSALM 27, L. M.

A psalm for the Lord's day.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word :
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep thy counsels ! how divine.

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
 Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
 Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desired or wish'd below ;
 And ev'ry power find sweet employ,
 In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM 28, L. M.

The church is the garden of God.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
 In gardens planted by thy hand ;

Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Bless'd with thine influence from above,
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live ;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive ;)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true :
None, that attend his gates, shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 29, C. M.

A psalm before prayer.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those Gods on high, and Gods below,
When once compared with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns, dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hands;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore :
Come kneel before his face ;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.
- 6 Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for your request ;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath; and swear
" Ye shall not see my rest."

PSALM 30, S. M.

A psalm before sermon.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the gracious God,
The universal King.

- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

- 3 Come worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice.
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But, if your ears refuse,
The language of his grace
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race.
- 6 The Lord, in vengeance dress'd,
Will lift his hand and swear,
" You, that despise my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there."

PSALM 31, C. M.

Christ's first and second coming.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue :
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

- 2 Say to the nations. Jesus reigns,
God's own beloved Son ;



PSALM 32.

His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

PSALM 32, C. M.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;
 He comes to make his blessings flow,
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

PSALM 33, S. M.

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
 'Tis he relieves thy pain,

'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave ;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath matchless power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress'd.

6 His wond'rous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM 34, S. M.

*Abounding compassion of God ; or mercy in the
midst of judgment.*

MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide,
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM 35, C. M.

Christ's kingdom and priesthood.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass

The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy wond'rous grace.

3 Jesus, our priest, for ever lives.
To plead for us above ;

Jesus, our king, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

4 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain ;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM 36, C. M.

The perfections of God.

GREAT is the Lord ; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs ;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food ;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure ;
Holy and rev'rend is his name ;
His ways are just and sure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM 37, C. M.

Recovery from sickness.

I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pitied ev'ry groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,
And chased my griefs away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!

3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead;
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cried, "thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
He bade my pains remove:

PSALM 38.

Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God has saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears ;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM 38, C. M.

*Vows made in trouble, paid in the church ; or public
thanks for private deliverance.*

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown ?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
My offerings shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
My soul, in anguish, made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God !
How dear thy servants in thy sight ;
How precious is their blood !

4 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move;
 Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
 And bound me with thy love.

6 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
 And thy rich grace record;
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM 39, S. M.

*A hosanna for the Lord's day; or a new song of
 salvation by Christ.*

SEE what a living stone
 The builders did refuse,
 Yet God hath built his church thereon,
 In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and envious priest
 Reject thine only Son;
 Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
 As the chief corner stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
 And wond'rous in our eyes;
 This day declares it all divine,
 This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
 That our Redeemer made;

PSALM 40.

Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray ;
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood ;
Bless him, ye saints ; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM 40, C. M.

The blessedness of saints, and misery of sinners.

BLESS'D are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean ;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

2 Bless'd are the men that keep thy word,
And practice thy commands ;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law ;
How firm their souls abide !
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honor all thy name,

5 But haughty sinners God will hate;
The proud shall die accursed;
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden in the dust.

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are;
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

PSALM 41, C. M.

Instruction from scripture.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

(2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;

PSALM 42.

And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise ;
I hate the sinner's road :
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

6 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PSALM 42, C. M.

Holiness and comfort from the Word.

LORD I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just ;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

2 Thy precepts often I survey ;
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
 "How sweet thy comforts be!"
 My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
 And bring their thanks to thee.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
 At some good word of thine;
 Not mighty men that share the spoil,
 Have joys compared to mine.

PSALM 43, C. M.

Imperfection of nature and perfection of scripture.

LET all the heathen writers join
 To form one perfect book,
 Great God, if once compared with thine,
 How mean their writings look.

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
 Could show one sin forgiven,
 Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
 But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
 Perfection here below,
 How short the powers of nature fall,
 And can no further go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
 By works their hands have wrought,

But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought.

5 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,
Fall far below thy word ;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM 44, C. M.

The word of God is the saint's portion ; or the excellency and variety of scripture.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies ;—

4 The best relief that mourners have—
It makes our sorrows bless'd ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALM 45, C. M.

Breathing after holiness.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will !

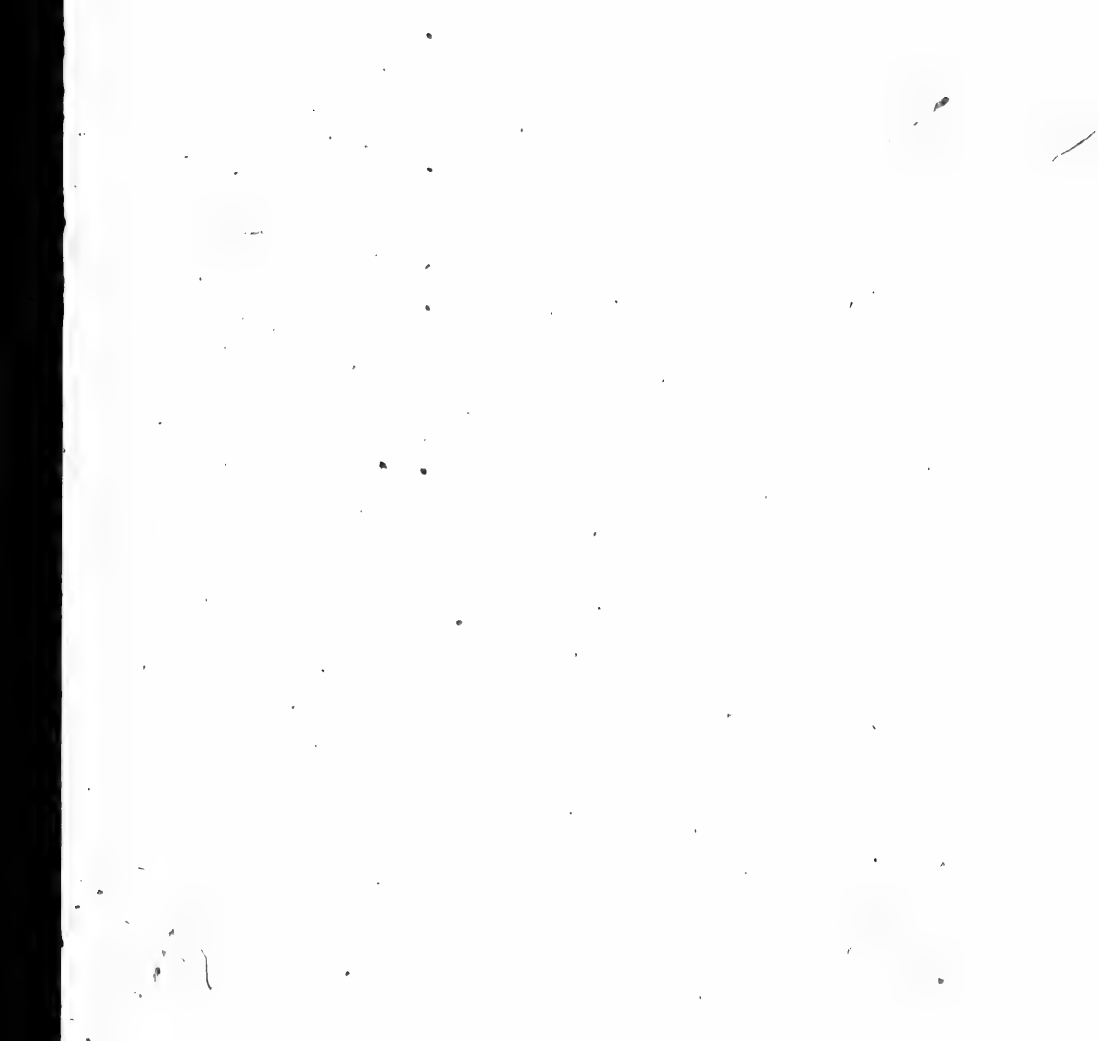
2 O send thy spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
No covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray ;
My feet too often slip ;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road ;



PSALM 46.

Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM 46, C. M.

Prayer for quickening grace.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
Lord, give me life divine !
From vain desires, and ev'ry lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God ?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road ?

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face ?
And yet, how slow my spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace.

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word ;
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r,
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 47, L. M.

Divine protection.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies,
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives ; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heav'ns with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our ways ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

4 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch ; no baleful star,
Dart his malignant fire so far.

5 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord ; his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.

PSALM 48.

6 On thee, foul spirits have no pow'r ;
 And in thy last departing hour,
 Angels, that trace the airy road,
 Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

PSALM 48, C. M.

Going to Church.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say :
 " In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
 The church, adorn'd with grace,
 Stands like a palace, built for God,
 To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
 The holy tribes repair ;
 The Son of David holds his throne,
 And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints ;
 And while his awful voice
 Divides the sinners from the saints,
 We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest ;
 With holy gifts, and heav'nly grace,
 Be her attendants bless'd.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains ;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM 49, S. P. M.

Going to Church.

HOW pleased, and bless'd was I,
 To hear the people cry,
 "Come, let us seek our God to-day."
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round ;
 In thee our tribes appear,
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
 Has fix'd his royal throne ;
 He sits for grace and judgment there ;
 He bids the saints be glad,
 He makes the sinner sad,
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,

PSALM 50.

To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
 "Peace to this sacred house!"
 For here my friends and kindred dwell;
 And since my glorious God,
 Makes thee his bless'd abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

PSALM 50, C. M.

The joy of a remarkable conversion; or melancholy removed.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
 And changed my mournful state,
 My raptures seemed a pleasing dream,
 The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did thy hand confess;
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
 And own'd thy power divine;
 "Great is the work," my heart replied,
 "And be the glory thine."

PSALM 51.

55

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great
And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It sha'n't deceive their hope !
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace ensures the crop.

PSALM 51, C. M.

Humility and submission.

[S there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God, and see,
Or do I act a haughty part ?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward ;
Let saints in sorrow be resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

*At the settlement of a church ; or the ordination of
a minister.*

WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' Eternal mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood ?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest ;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence bless'd.

3 " Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever," saith the Lord ;
" Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

4 " Here will I meet the hungry poor;
And fill their souls with living bread ;
Sinners, that wait before my door,
With sweet provisions shall be fed.

5 " Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
My priests, my ministers, shall shine ;
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.

6 " The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing :

PSALM 53, 54.

57

The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her king."

PSALM 53, S. M.

Communion of Saints; or love and worship in a family.

BLESS'D are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Bless'd is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus, on the heav'nly hills
The saints are bless'd above,
Where joy, like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

PSALM 54, S. P. M.

The blessings of friendship.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree;

PSALM 55.

Each in his proper station move
 And each fulfil his part,
 With sympathizing heart,
 In all the cares of life and love !

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
 On Aaron's sacred head,
 Divinely rich, divinely sweet ;
 The oil through all the room
 Diffused a choice perfume,
 Ran through his robes, and bless'd his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
 That water all the plain,
 Descending from the neigh'ring hills—
 Such streams of pleasure roll
 Through ev'ry friendly soul,
 Where love, like heav'nly dew distils.

PSALM 55, L. M.

The greatness of God.

MY God, my King; thy various praise,
 Shall fill the remnant of my days :
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
 'Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
 And ev'ry setting sun shall see
 New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with matchless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let "ev'ry realm with joy" proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song!
The joy and labor of my tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unmeasurable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

PSALM 56, 6 lines 8s.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust:

PSALM 56.

Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour ;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell ;
Thy God, O Zion ! ever reigns ;
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,

PSALM 57, 58.

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While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM 57, L. M.

The divine nature, Providence, and Grace.

PRAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise,
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name ;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the wounded spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames ;
He counts their numbers, calls their names :
His wisdom vast, and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might ;
And all his glories infinite ;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PSALM 58, C. M.

The seasons of the year.

WITH songs and honors sounding loud
Address the Lord on high ;

Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below :

He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

4 When from his dreadful stores on high,
He pours the ratt'ling hail,
The wretch who dares his God defy,
Shall find his courage fail.

5 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word ;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye creation's Lord.

PSALM 59, S. M.

Universal praise.

LET ev'ry creature join,
To praise th' eternal God ;

Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers of snow,
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the shore,
His pow'r and glory show.

5 By all his works above,
His honors be express'd;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

HYMNS.

HYMN 1, C. M.

A new song to the Lamb that was slain.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the pray'rs of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.

HYMN 2.

65

5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

6 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

HYMN 2, C. M.

Submission to afflictive providence.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sink them in the grave ;
He gives, and (blesed be his name !)
He takes, but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then ;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his righteous will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

HYMN 3.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread,
 And we'll adore the justice too
 That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 3, C. M.

Triumph over death.

GREAT God, I own the sentence just,
 And nature must decay;
 I yield my body to the dust,
 To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs;
 My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
 My Lord, my Saviour, comes.

3 The mighty Conq'ror shall appear
 High on a royal seat,
 And death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin
 And gnaw my wasting flesh,
 When God shall build my bones again,
 He'll clothe them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
 With strong immortal eyes,
 And feast upon thy unknown grace
 With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN 4.

67

HYMN 4, C. M.

The invitation of the Gospel ; or spiritual food and clothing.

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids our longing appetites
To rich provision taste.

4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away, and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Dear God ! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,

HYMN 5.

Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 5, S. M.

*The blessedness of gospel times; or the revelation of
Christ to Jews and Gentiles.*

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

HYMN 6.

69

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 6, C. M.

Victory over death.

0 FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where the monster's sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death hath no sting beside!
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ my ransom died.

4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks he paid,
Who makes us conq'rors, while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

HYMN 7, 8.

HYMN 7. C. M.

Blown are the dead that die in the Lord.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the sleep of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from ev'ry snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labors of their mortal life,
End in a large reward.

HYMN 8, C. M.

The song of Simeon ; or death made desirable.

LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
O make our joys the same !

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy child.

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried,
"Behold thy servant dies!
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 This is the Light, prepared to shine,
Upon the Gentile lands;
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

HYMN 9, C. M.

Spiritual apparel; namely, the robe of righteousness, and the garments of salvation.

A WAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!

These ornaments, how bright they shine !
How white the garments are !

5 The spirit wrought my faith and love !
And hope, and ev'ry grace ;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By Him who died for thee !
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

HYMN 10, C. M.

A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men.

LO, what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes !
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing :
" Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

HYMN 11.

73

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode ;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye ;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 11, C. M.

Assurance of heaven ; or a saint prepared to die.

[DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home,
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come ?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade ;

The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This prize for me alone ;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design ;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain ;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise Amen.

HYMN 12, C. M.

God's tender care of his church

NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song ;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2 God, on his thirsty Sion hill,
Some mercy-drops has thrown ;
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.

HYMN 13.

75

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspensions, and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her care,
And, 'mong a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no share?

5 "Yea," saith the Lord, "should nature
And mothers monsters prove, [change,
Sion still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.

6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engraved her name;
My hand shall raise her ruin'd walls,
And build her broken frame."

HYMN 13, C. M.

The same; or the martyrs glorified.

"THESE glorious minds, how bright they
Whence all their bright array? [shine!
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?

2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white,
In Jesus' dying blood.

HYMN 14.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne ;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy one.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Among his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast ;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN 14, L. M.

The Christian's race.

A WAKE, our souls, (away, our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone ;)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint :

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN 15, L. M.

Baptism.

'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations and baptize."
The nations have received the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant with the seals,
To bless the darksome Gentile lands.

3 "Repent, and be baptized," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins;"

HYMN 16.

And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean ;
And the good spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord,
O God, our endless portion be,
In heaven our solemn vows record !

HYMN 16, C. M.

*Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all
the creation.*

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus ;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessing more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

HYMN 17.

79

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to raise thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 17, S. M.

Adoption.

BEHOOLD, what wond'rous grace
The Father hath bestow'd,
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,

HYMN 17.

May purge our souls from sense and sin.
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne,
Our faith shall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

X

PART II.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BY DIFFERENT AUTHORS.

HYMN 1. Part 2d—L. M.

Christ dwells in heaven, but visits on earth.

WHEN strangers stand, and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone, they fain would know;
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his throne;
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lillies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]

HYMN 2.

5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are ;
No chariot of Aminadab
The heav'nly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell for ever with my love.]

HYMN 2, Part 2d—L. M.

A morning hymn.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 Oh, like the sun may I fulfil,
Th' appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

4 But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze;
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.

HYMN 3.

83

1 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
 Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
 Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
 And then receive me to thy bliss;
 All my desires and hopes beside
 Are faint and cold, compared with this.

HYMN 3, Part 2d—L. M.

Life, the day of grace and hope.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' ensure the great reward;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.

2 The living know that they must die,
 But all the dead forgotten lie;
 Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might, pursue;
 Since no device nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
 In the cold grave, to which we haste;
 But darkness, death, and long despair,
 Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 4, 5.

HYMN 4, Part 2d—C. M.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause,
 Maintain the honor of his word,
 The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name;
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 5, Part 2d—S. M.

Christ unseen and beloved.

NOT with our mortal eyes,
 Have we beheld the Lord;
 Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
 And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
 Of our Redeemer's face;

HYMN 6.

85

Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

HYMN 6, Part 2d—C. M.

The brazen serpent ; or looking to Jesus.

SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high ;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2 " Look upward in the dying hour,
And live," the prophet cries ;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When Faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung ;
High in the heavens he reigns ;
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own son is lifted up,
A dying world revives ;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN 7, Part 2d—L. M.

The Apostles' commission ; or the gospel attested by miracles.

"GO, preach my gospel," saith my Lord ;
 "Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;
 He shall be saved that trusts my word ;
 He shall be damn'd that won't believe."

2 [I'll make your great commission known,
 And ye shall prove my gospel true,
 By all the works that I have done,
 By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
 Go cast out devils in my name ;
 Nor let my prophets be afraid,
 Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.]

4 Teach all the nations my commands ;
 I'm with you till the world shall end ;
 All power is trusted in my hands ;
 I can destroy, and I defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round his head ;
 On a bright cloud to heaven he rode ;
 They to the farthest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended Lord.

HYMN 8.

87

HYMN 8, Part 2d- C. M.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Jesus die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath of men,
The glorious Suff'rer stood!

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the glorious Saviour died,
For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 9.

HYMN 9, Part 2d—C. M.

Parting with carnal joys.

MY soul forakes her vain delight,
 And bids the world farewell ;
 Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
 And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
 Nor seek your friendship more ;
 The happiness that I approve
 Lies now in your power.

3 There's nothing round the spacious earth
 That suits my large desire ;
 To boundless joy and solid mirth
 My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
 From sin and dross refined,
 Still springing from the throne of God,
 And fit to cheer the mind.

5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the sphere,
 The glorious and the great,
 Brings his own all-sufficiency there,
 To make our bliss complete.

6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd climb the heavenly road ;
 There sits my Saviour, dress'd in love,
 And there my smiling God.

HYMN 10, 11.

89

HYMN 10, Part 2d—S. M.

The Lord's day, or delight in ordinances.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 11, Part 2d—L. M.

The enjoyment of Christ ; or delight in worship.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone ;
Let my religious hours alone ;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee !



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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HYMN 12.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 The trees of life immortal stand
In blooming rows, at thy right hand;
And, in sweet murmurs, by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6 Hail, great Emmanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN 12, Part 2d—C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit, or fervency of devotion desired,

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,

HYMN 13.

Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers:
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 13, Part 2d—C. M.

The shortness and misery of life.

OUR days, alas! our mortal days,
Are short and wretched too!
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but, at best, a narrow bound,
 That heaven allows to men;
 And pains and sins run through the round
 Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
 Run on, my days, in haste;
 Moments of sin, and months of wo,
 Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
 And call her to the skies,
 Where years of long salvation roll,
 And glory never dies.

HYMN 14, Part 2d—L. M.

Glory and grace in the person of Christ.

NOW to the Lord a noble song!
 Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
 Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
 Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
 And thy rich glories from afar,
 Sparkle in every rolling star.

3 But, in his looks, a glory stands,
 The noblest labor of thy hands;
 The pleasing lustre of his eyes
 Outshines the wonders of the skies.

HYMN 15.

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4 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
Ye angels dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

5 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face ;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold !

HYMN 15; Part 2d—C: M.

Moses dying in the embraces of God.

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there ;
We may walk through the darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below
If my Creator bid ;
And run, if I were call'd to go
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath ;
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 16, Part 2d—C. M.

*The misery of being without God in the world; or
vain prosperity.*

NO! I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wondrous height.

2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod;
Well, they may search the creature through,
For they have ne'er a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine;
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine!

HYMN 17, Part 2d—C. M.

God's presence is light in darkness.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
 My dawning is begun !
 He is my soul's bright morning star,
 And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
 And whispers, " I am his."

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word :
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 T' embrace my dearest Lord !

5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe :
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Should bear me conq'ror through.

HYMN 18, Part 2d—C. M.

A funeral thought.

HARK! from the tomb, a doleful sound !
 Mine ears attend the cry,
 " Ye living men, come, view the ground
 Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers ;
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head
 Must lie as low as ours.

HYMN 19.

- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure ?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more ?
- 4 Grant us the powers of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly ;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 19, Part 2d—C. M.

The hope of heaven, our support under trials.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

5 When we've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun;
 We've no less days to sing God's praise,
 Than when we first began.

HYMN 20, Part 2d—C. M.

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.

3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green;
 So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.]

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unclouded eyes:

HYMN 21.

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 21, Part 2d—L. M.

The Christian's warfare.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy tears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 [What though thy inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]

4 Then let thy soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait.

5 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN 22.

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HYMN 22, Part 2d—S. M.

God all, and in all.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 [Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise, when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.]

3 [The smilings of thy face,
How ami'ble they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.]

4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]

5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

HYMN 23.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

8 [To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire ;
And yet how far from thee I lie !
Dear Jesus raise me higher.]

HYMN 23, Part 2d—C. M.

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Beloved of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

3 The thunder of that dismal word,
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 Oh ! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love !

5 Jesus, I throw mine arms around,
And hang upon thy breast ;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

6 Oh ! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands ;
Show me some promise, in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

7 [Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again ;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

HYMN 24, Part 2d—S. M.

Triumph over death, in hope of the resurrection.

AND must this body die ?
This mortal frame decay ?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay ?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

3 Christ, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies

HYMN 25.

Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine ;
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love ;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 25, Part 2d—C. M.

Miseries and thanks.

HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad ?

2 How can I die, while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead ?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.

- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

HYMN 26, Part 2d—L. M.

The operations of the Holy Spirit.

ETERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day:
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows the voice:
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 27, Part 2d—L. M.

*Few saved ; or the almost Christian, the hypocrite
and apostate.*

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command ;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new ;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
And false apostates never knew.

HYMN 28, Part 2d—S. M.

Faith in Christ our sacrifice.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice,
To see the curse removed ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 29, Part 2d—L. M.

The effusion of the spirit ; or the success of the gospel.

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met ;
Whilst on their heads thy Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles, he gave !
And power to heal, and power to save !
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

HYMN 30.

3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
While Satap rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrines of the cross.

6 Great King of Grace, my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN 30, Part 2d—C. M.

Sinai and Sion.

NOT all the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke.

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight !
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are wrote in heaven,
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest ;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever bless'd.

HYMN 31, Part 2d—L. M.

Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my Lord ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

HYMN 32.

- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 32, Part 2d—C. M.

*Divine love making a feast, and calling in the
guests.*

HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !

2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls ;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 While every heart, and every song,
Join to admire the feast,

Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
 " Lord, why was I a guest !

4 " Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 And enter while there's room,
 When thousands make a wretched choice,
 And rather starve than come ?"

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
 That sweetly drew us in ;
 Else we had still refused to taste,
 And perish'd in our sin.

HYMN 33, Part 2d—L. M.

Emmanuel.

PRAISE God, the Father, heavenly light ;
 Praise Christ, the Son, my soul's delight ;
 Bless'd Holy Ghost, come dwell with me
 'Through time and in Eternity.
 Ye glitt'ring orbs around the skies,
 Who speak his glories as you rise,
 Your silent language ne'er can tell
 The glory of Emmanuel.
 Tall mountains that becloud the skies,
 And all the hills that round you rise,
 While time endures, ye ne'er can tell
 The glory of Emmanuel.

2 Ye trembling seas with dismal roar,
 Whose billows roll from shore to shore,
 Your thundering language ne'er can tell

HYMN 33.

The power of Christ, Emmanuel.
Ye worlds on worlds, with all your throng,
Through every land extend the song;
A guilty world redeem'd from hell
By Christ, the Lord, Emmanuel.
Behold him leave his Father's throne,
Behold him bleeding, hear him groan;
Death's iron chains can ne'er excel
The strength of Christ, Emmanuel.

3 Behold him mount his honor'd seat,
And millions bowing at his feet;
He conquer'd all the powers of hell;
Yes, glory to Emmanuel.
His fame shall sound from pole to pole,
While glory rolls from soul to soul;
The gospel sound goes forth to tell
The glory of Emmanuel.
While I am singing of his fame
My soul begins to feel the flame;
Though full of love, I ne'er can tell
The beauty of Emmanuel.

4 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And see the nations gather round!
While angels shout, the saints shall tell
The glory of Emmanuel.
Ten thousand thousand in the throng,
Ten thousand thousand join the song;
Some souls are saved by Christ from hell,
Glory to Christ, Emmanuel!

HYMN 34.

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My soul, transported with his charms,
I long to dwell in Jesus' arms:
My loving brethren all farewell,
I go to meet Emmanuel.

HYMN 34, Part 2d—7 & 6.

The way to heaven.

CALL'D to a sense of duty,
I would obey the call;
And for the sake of Jesus,
I freely give up all;
My former vain enjoyments,
Of pleasure, pride, and gain,
That I in Jesus' kingdom
A mansion may obtain.

2 How often have I struggled
To hold some foolish sin;
Yet, to the heavenly kingdom
I meant to enter in;
But now I am persuaded
That nothing else will do,
But Jesus for my portion,
And holy joys pursue.

3 Let all the world's gay beauty,
And Satan's ~~lure~~ 'ring bait,
With all their pride and grandeur,
Around my soul await;
The far superior beauty
Through faith I see ahead;

HYMN 34.

And I am bent upon it,
This holy way to tread.

4 Come, who will travel with me
The way that leads to heaven?
And follow none but Jesus
The way which he hath given;
And take his word for counsel,
His spirit for a guide;
And make a full surrender
Of ev'ry thing beside?

5 Come on, my precious brethren,
And travel on with me;
We'll seek for *heavenly treasure*,
Until we find the sea
Of sweet, unbounded riches,
Of life, and love, and peace;
Where beauty never withers,
And glory ne'er shall cease.

6 What though the world reproach us,
And say we're mean and poor;
No matter what we suffer,
If we can reach the shore;
'Twill make the glory sweeter,
And raise our praises higher;
And we shall be completer,
When purified by fire.

HYMN 36, Part 2d—8 & 7.

The friend indeed.

ONE there is above all others,
 Who deserves the name of friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.
 Those who do his kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.

2 Which, of earthly friends, to save us,
 Could, or would, have shed his blood?
 But our Jesus died to save us,
 Reconciled unto God:
 This is boundless love indeed,
 Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners, was his name;
 Now, above all creatures raised,
 Unto us he is the same;
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.

HYMN 37, Part 2d—L. M.

Invitation to Youth.

YOUNG people all, attention give,
 While I address you in God's name;
 You who in sin and folly live,
 Come hear the counsel of a friend.
 I've sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys,

And ranged the 'luring scenes of vice ;
But never knew substantial joys,
Till I obey'd my Saviour's voice.

2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And wash'd my load of guilt away ;
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.
And now, with trembling sense, I view
Huge billows roll beneath your feet ;
For death and judgment wait for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time, or conq'ring death ;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
Your sparkling eyes, and blooming
Must wither like the blasted rose ;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4 Careless of that widely stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where darkness reigns, and vapors roll
In solemn silence round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along,
Still gazing on the spires of grass
With which your graves are overgrown.

5 In judgment soon your doom you'll wait,
 With awful trembling there you'll stand,
 The angels gather all the saints,
 And place them safe at Christ's right hand.
 The burning lake will be disclosed,
 Satan be bound and cast therein,
 With all who slight God's counsel here,
 And cleave to worldly lusts and sin.

6 O! careless youth this is the state
 Of all, who do free grace refuse;
 And soon with you 'twill be too late
 The way of life in Christ to choose.
 Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
 No longer fight against your God;
 But with the gospel now comply,
 And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 38, Part 2d—7 & 6.

The Jubilee.

ONE night as I lay musing,
 The Spirit said to me,
 Go, blow the gospel trumpet,
 Go, sound the Jubilee;
 Go, tell them I am risen,
 And death you need not fear;
 Go, sound the welcome summons,
 Be my sweet messenger.

2 The harvest fields are rip'ning,
 And laborers are few,

HYMN 38.

And Zion she doth languish,
And shepherds, where are you ?
His blood will cry against you,
If idle you should be ;
You see the sword is coming,
Go, sound the Jubilee.

3 Come all my Father's children,
Whom Christ has taught the way ;
Why stand ye here so idle,
And wasting all the day ?
Remember some are teaching,
While others preach and pray ;
Go, labor in the vineyard,
From Jesus never stray.

4 Come, brethren dear, and sisters,
Although a little band,
The vict'ry I'll assure you,
Stand fast with sword in hand ;
Then wield your sword with pleasure,
The battle goes aright ;
When Israel gain'd the victory.
He fought with faith and might.

5 Come, all ye sons of vanity,
Who lie exposed to death,
Who've listed under Pharaoh,
That wicked king beneath ;
Although you serve with vigor,
He cannot set you free,

Then hearken to the gospel,
That sounds the Jubilee.

6 How beautiful the garments,
The bride of Christ doth wear ;
He offers her rich presents,
And crowns her as his heir ;
He decks her with rich jewels,
And crowns her with his love ;
And by his mighty power,
Will carry her above.

7 I'll bid farewell to sorrow,
To sickness, care and pain,
And mount aloft to Jesus,
For ever there to reign.
I'll join to sing his praises,
Above th' ethereal blue ;
And then, poor careless sinner,
What will become of you ?

HYMN 39, Part 2d—C. M.

Light shining out of darkness.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in th' unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,

HYMN 40.

He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his righteous will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are fill'd with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 40, Part 2d—L. M.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"

He has engaged by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
And if the conflict should be long,
The Lord will make the tempter flee :
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,—
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

HYMN 41, Part 2d—8 & 7.

The Bible.

PRECIOUS Bible ! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford !
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword :
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I need no more.

- 2 Food, to which the world's a stranger,
 Here my hungry soul enjoys;
 Of excess there is no danger,
 Though it fills, it never cloy.
 On a dying Christ I feed,
 He is meat and drink indeed!
- 3 When my soul is faint and sickly,
 Or when Satan wounds my mind,
 Cordials to revive me quickly,
 Healing med'cines here I find.
 To the promises I flee,
 Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation,
 Satan cannot make me yield;
 For the word of consolation
 Is to me a mighty shield:
 While the scripture truth is sure,
 From his malice I'm secure.
- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
 When I take the Spirit's sword;
 Then with ease I drive him from me,
 Satan trembles at the word.
 'Tis a sword for conquest made,
 Keen the edge, and sharp the blade.
- 6 Shall I envy then the miser,
 Doating on his golden store?
 Sure, I am (or should be) wiser,

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I am rich, 'tis he is poor.
 Jesus gives me, in his word,
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

HYMN 42, Part 2d—1 ls.

Precious promises.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word:
 What more can he say than to you he hath said,
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
 I now am thy God, and will still give thee aid,
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
 stand,

Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age all my people shall prove
 Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love ;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

HYMN 43, Part 2d—S. M.

God's word most excellent.

BEHOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way !
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light ;
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word !
 And all thy judgments just ;
 For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
 And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
 Are thy directions given !
 O may I never read in vain,
 But find the path to heaven.

HYMN 44.

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5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour, and my God.

HYMN 44, Part 2d—L. M.

The loving-kindness of the Lord.

A WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers shall fail ;
 O may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day ;
 And sing with rapture and surprise,
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN 45, Part 2d—11s.

The birth of the Saviour.

A S shepherds in Jewry were guarding their sheep,
 Promise'ously seated, estranged from sleep,
 An angel from heaven presented to sight,
 And thus he accosted the watchers by night :
 Dismiss all your sorrows and banish your fears,
 For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears.

2 Though Adam the first in rebellion was found ;
 Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground ;
 Yet Adam the second appears to retrieve
 The loss you sustain'd by the Devil and Eve.
 Then shepherds, be tranquil ; this instant arise,
 Go visit your Saviour and see where he lies.

3 A token I leave you, whereby you may find,
 This heavenly stranger, this friend to mankind ;
 A manger's his cradle, a stall his abode,
 Thus meekly appears your Saviour and Lord.

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Then shepherds, be humble, be meek, and lie low,
For Jesus, your Saviour's abundantly so.

4 This wonderful story no sooner they hear,
Than thousands of angels in glory appear ;
'They join in the concert, and this was the theme,
All glory to God, and good-will towards men,
'Then shepherds, strike in, join your voice to the
choir,
And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.

5 Hosanna ! the angels in ecstasy cry,
Hosanna ! the wondering shepherds reply ;
Salvation, redemption, are centred in one,
All glory to God for the birth of his Son.
Then shepherds, adieu, we commend you to God,
Go visit the Son in his humble abode.

6 To Bethlehem's city the shepherds repair'd,
For full confirmation of what they had heard ;
'They enter'd the stable with aspect so mild,
And there they beheld both the mother and child.
'Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,
That both Jews and Gentiles may hear of the Lord.

HYMN 46, Part 2d—P. M.

FROM the regions of love,
Lo ! an angel descended,
And told the strange news,
How the babe was attended :
Go, shepherds, and visit

This wonderful stranger,
With wonder and joy,
See your Christ in the manger.

Chorus.—Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Through whom we have pardon,
We'll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Glad tidings I bring
To you and each nation ;
Glad tidings of joy,
Now behold your salvation ;
The heavenly host
Unite their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer
While heaven rejoices.

3 Now glory to God
In the highest is given ;
Now glory to God
Is re-echoed through heaven,
Around the whole earth
Let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love,
His salvation and glory.

4 Enraptured I rise
With delight and desire,
Such love, so divine,
Sets my soul all on fire ;
Around the bright throne

Hosannas are ringing ;
 O when shall I join them,
 And ever be singing !

5 Triumphantly ride
 In thy chariot victorious,
 And conquer with love ;
 O Jesus all-glorious !
 Thy banner unfurl,
 Let the nations surrender,
 And own thee their Saviour,
 Their King, and Defender.

HYMN 47, Part 2d—C. M.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay ;
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine
 To hail th' auspicious day.

2 Wrapt in the silence of the night,
 Lay all the eastern world,
 When bursting, glorious, heav'nly light,
 The wondrous scene unfurl'd.

3 Hark, the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song ;
 Good will and peace are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

4 O for a glance of heav'nly love,
 Our hearts and songs to raise ;

Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays!

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.

6 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN 48, Part 2d—8s.

What think ye of Christ?

WHAT think ye of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme,
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.
As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not,
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most;
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost:
So guilty, so helpless am I,
I could not confide in his word,

Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I could call him my Lord.

3 Some style him the pearl of great price,
And say he's the fountain of joys;
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys;
Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
And while they salute him, betray:
Ah! what will profession like this,
Avail in that terrible day?

4 If ask'd what of Jesus I think,
Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store;
My shepherd, my husband, my friend.
My Saviour from sin and from thrall;
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

HYMN 49, Part 2d—C. M.

The coronation of Christ.

A LL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the altar call;

Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you, by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall;
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 50, Part 2d—11 & 8.

The glory of Christ.

O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;

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My comfort by day, and my song in the night;
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy
To feed in the pastures of love; [sheep,
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zien, declare, have you seen,
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

5 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams;
On his cheek does the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes as the sun's radiant beams.

7 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
And bask in the smiles of his face. [know,

9 Love sits on his eyelids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And praise him with fulness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

HYMN 51, Part 2d—S. M.

On the name of Jesus.

JESUS, we love thy name,
And thee we will adore;
And when we feel this heav'nly flame,
We long to love thee more.

2 Thy name is all our trust;
Thy name is solid peace;
Thy name is everlasting rest,
When other names shall cease.

3 There, ravish'd with thy name,
We never more shall rove;
There, sound thine everlasting fame,
And solace as thy love.

4 Thy name shall be our praise;

Thy name shall be our joy ;
Thy name, through everlasting days,
Shall countless throngs employ.

HYMN 52, Part 2d—C. M.

The name of Christ.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place ;
My never-failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king ;
My lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

HYMN 53.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
 With every fleeting breath,
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 53, Part 2d—C. M.

Pearl of great price.

YE glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu!
 A nobler choice be mine;
 A real prize attracts my view,
 A treasure all-divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
 Ye specious baits of sense;
 Inestimable worth appears,
 The pearl of price immense.

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
 O name divinely sweet!
 Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
 Wealth, honor, pleasure, meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
 Their boasted stores resign;
 With joy I would renounce them all,
 For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
 Of this dear gift possess'd;
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And be for ever bless'd.

6 Dear portion of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

HYMN 54, Part 2d—6 & 8.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede ;
With his redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead ;
His blood was spilt for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me :
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one ;
He cannot turn away.
The presence of his Son ;

HYMN 53.

His spirit answers to the blood;
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father! cry.

HYMN 53, Part 2d—7s.

ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death, yield up thy mighty prey,
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour, angels raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now, to glory see him rise,
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.

4 Heaven displays her portals wide,
Glorious hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own.

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5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.

6 Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captur'd hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?

HYMN 56, Part 2d—8. & 6.

*The thousand years of Christ's reign; or the new
Jubilee,*

WHAT sound is this salutes my ear?
'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear,
Th' expected day is come;
Behold the heaven, the earth, the sea,
Proclaim the year of Jubilee,
Return, ye exiles, home.

2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,
In glory doth appear;
Fair Zion's rising from the tomb,
To meet the bridegroom now he's come,
Which hails the Jubile year.

3 My soul is striving to be there,
I long to rise and wing the air,
And trace the sacred road;
Adieu! adieu! all mortal things,

O! that I had an angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God.

4 Fly, gracious moments, fly, O fly!
I thirst, I pant, I long, I try,
Angelic joys to prove;
Soon I shall quit this house of clay,
Clap my glad wings and soar away,
And shout redeeming love.

HYMN 57, Part 2d—H. M.

The Christian Church.

ALTHOUGH despised by men,
A little feeble band,
Protection we obtain
From the Redeemer's hand.
Though oft our foes would us devour,
We stand upheld by Jesus' power.

2 While on him we depend,
And truly fear his name,
He'll prove a faithful friend,
And ne'er put us to shame.
He'll guard us safe through all the way,
To the fair climes of endless day.

3 Our shepherd leads us on,
While we obey his voice;
He guides us to his throne,
And in him we'll rejoice;

Though strait the way, we need not fear,
If to the end we persevere.

4 Christ is our leader call'd,
The Christian's name we bear,
This name we will extol,
While in his grace we share :
All party names we will disdain,
The glorious name of Christ maintain.

5 His doctrine too we'll prize,
This, as our rule observe,
It is our only guide,
Therefore we must not swerve ;
This doctrine will arise on high.
When all the works of men shall die.

6 Ourselves we must deny,
And daily take our cross ;
From ev'ry evil fly,
Or we shall suffer loss.
Till vict'ry we completely win,
We will maintain the war with sin.

7 Lord, when our hearts shall fail,
And earthly comforts die,
May thy rich grace prevail,
And bear our souls on high ;
There, while our glowing love shall flame.
Our deathless tongues shall praise thy name.

HYMN 58, 59.

HYMN 58, Part 2d—C. M.

Salvation.

SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But now arise by grace divine
 To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly,
 The spacious earth around.
 While all the armies of the sky,
 Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
 To thee the praise belongs!
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN 59, Part 2d—C. M.

The true penitent.

HARK! hear the sound on earth is found,
 My soul delights to hear,
 Of dying love that's from above,
 Of pardon bought so dear.

2 God's ministers, like flames of fire
 Are passing through the land;

The voice is, hear, repent, and fear,
King Jesus is at hand.

3 God's chariots they no longer stay,
They're mounted on the truth ;
The saints in prayer, cry, Lord, draw near,
Have mercy on the youth.

4 Young converts sing and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name ;
While older saints, true penitents,
Rejoice to join the theme.

5 God grants a shower of saving power,
On every aching heart,
Who sincerely to God do cry,
That they may have a part.

6 Come lovely youth, embrace the truth,
Agree with one accord ;
And use your tongues, while you are young,
In praising Christ the Lord.

HYMN 60, Part 2d—C. M.

The Gospel Feast.

ON Zion, his most holy mount,
God will a feast prepare ;
And Israel's sons and Gentile lands,
Shall in the banquet share.

HYMN 61.

- 2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows ;
Wine on the lees, and well refined,
In rich abundance flows.
- 3 See to the vilest of the vile,
A free acceptance given ;
See rebels by adopting grace.
Sit with the heirs of heaven.
- 4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying now
To ease and health restored,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.
- 5 But O, what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven.
- 6 There joys immeasurably high,
Shall overflow the soul,
And springs of life that never dry,
In thousand channels roll.

HYMN 61, Part 2d—L. M.

Freedom of the human will.

KNOW then that every soul is free
To choose his life, and what he'll be ;
For this eternal truth has given,
That God will force no man to heaven.

2 Freedom and reason make us men;
Take these away, what are we then!
Mere animals, and just as well
The beasts may think of heaven or hell.

3 May we no more our powers abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose;
Our God is pleased when we improve
His grace, and seek the world above.

4 Those that despise grow harder still;
Those that adhere he turns their will;
And thus despisers sink to hell,
While those that hear in glory dwell.

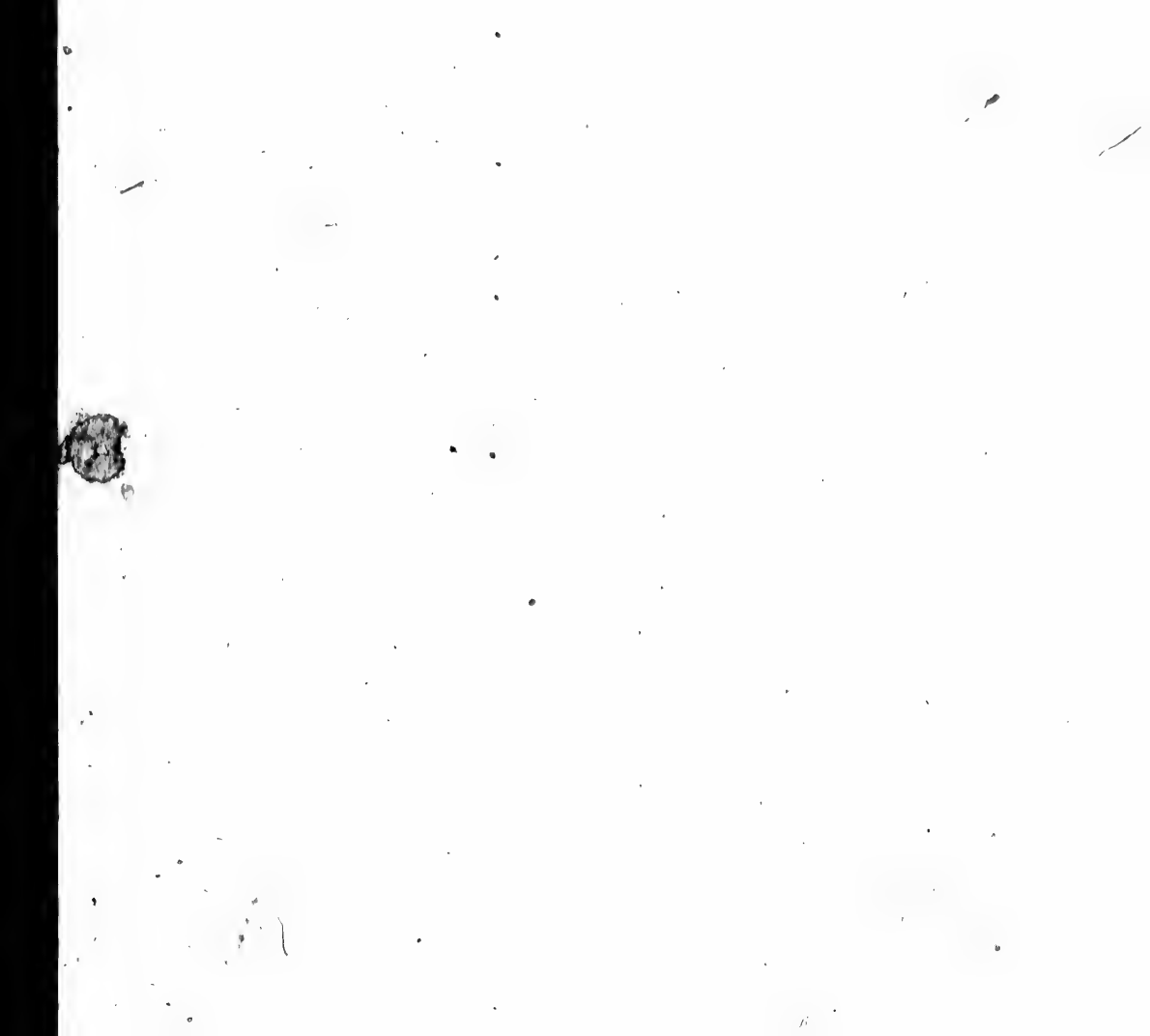
But if we take the downward road,
And make in hell our last abode,
Our God is clear, and we shall know
We've plunged ourselves in hopeless wo.

HYMN 62, Part 2—H. M.

The year of Jubilee:

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 The gospel trumpet hear;
The news of heavenly grace;



HYMN 63.

Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face ;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return to your eternal home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonng Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 63, Part 2d—C. M.

Faith's review and expectation.

AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed !

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures ;

He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who owns me here below,
Will be forever mine.

HYMN 64, Part 2d—S. M.

Heavenly joy on earth.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place :
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those return and sing,
Who never knew our God ;
For fav'rites of the heavenly King,
Should speak their joys abroad.

HYMN 65.

- 4 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry ;
 We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high,
- 7 There we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
- 8 Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
 Should constant joys create.

HYMN 65, Part 2d—S. M.

Love to the brethren.

BLESS'D be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

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2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 , Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flow
 The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

HYMN 66, Part 2d—L. M.

These things I command you, that ye love one another.

A M I indeed born from above?
 A Do I partake of Jesus' love?
 Then let me all my duty know,
 And love by my obedience show.

2 Fain would I love his person more,
And God in all his works adore;
O may his love my heart inflame,
With love to all who love his name.

3 Wherever I his image see,
O let those souls be dear to me;
Dearest the purchase of his blood,
Dear as the favorites of God.

4 Jesus to us his love doth show;
And bids us love each other too;
But O how little love sincere,
Is found in great professors here.

5 What anger, pride, and malice swell
Those breasts where love alone should dwell;
O why should Satan thus devour
Religion's glory and its power!

6 Come, heavenly Spirit from above,
And fill our inmost hearts with love;
That we may say to all mankind,
See how those love whom Christ has join'd.

HYMN 67, Part 2d—7. & 6.

The good Physician.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul.

Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared to sin;
On ev'ry part it seizes,
But rages most within.

'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combin'd,
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician,
(How matchless is his grace!)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case.
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my eyes had seal'd;
Then bade me look unto him;
I look'd and I was heal'd.

HYMN 68.

5 A risen living Jesus,
 Seen by an eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death.
 Come then to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only look, and live.

HYMN 68, Part 2d—C. M.

Reign of Christ.

HASTEN, O Lord, the latter day,
 When grace shall reign alone;
 And all the nations of the world
 Shall bow before thy throne.

2 Then shall pure converts crowd thy gates,
 Press to the gospel sound;
 And grace eternal sweetly shine,
 To ravish all around.

3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lamb
 Raise the dear cross on high;
 And from a clear refulgent light,
 Shall all see eye to eye.

4 Now shall the glorious gospel fly
 To sound the Saviour forth;
 And faith, and love, and joys divine,
 Shall run through all the earth.

5 The war shall cease, and wrath subside,
And peace immortal flow;
And saints unite in joy and peace,
And glory reign below.

6 Lord, we would bless thee for a ray
Of such triumphant grace,
That leads to everlasting day,
And pure eternal bliss.

HYMN 69, Part 2d—C. M.

The rich provision of the gospel.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Does thy salvation flow;
It's not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wicked sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room,
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love;
 There's virtue in his name,
 To turn a raven to a dove,
 The lion to a lamb.

6 O could we raise a song of praise,
 Half equal to his love,
 The heav'ns would ring while we should sing
 Through all the courts above.

HYMN 70, Part 2d—C. M.

The world crucified.

LET worldly minds the world pursue;
 What are its charms to me?
 Once I admir'd its trifles too,
 But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
 No more content afford;
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day,
 The stars are all conceal'd;
 So earthly pleasures fade away,
 When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures, no more divide my choice!
 I bid you all depart!
 His name, and love, and gracious voice
 Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee ;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me ?

6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will,
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still,

HYMN 71, Part 2d—C. M.

An invitation to the gospel feast.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come ;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

5 The God to whom we're reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcomed home.

5 O come and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore :
Approach, there yet is room.

HYMN 72, Part 2d—C. M.

Christ inviting sinners to his grace.

A MAZING sight! the Saviour stands
And knocks at ev'ry door ;
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
For to supply the poor.

2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring poor souls to rest ;
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be for ever bless'd.

3 "Will you despise such bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell ?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me for ever dwell ?

6 " Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven ?
Or will you make a wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven ?

6 " Will you go down to endless night,
And be for ever slain ?
Or dwell in everlasting light,
Where I in glory reign ?

6 " Come now, dear soul, before I go,
While I am passing by,
Say, will you bow to me, or no ?
Say, will you live, or die ?"

HYMN 73, Part 2d—C. M.

Room at the gospel feast.

THE King of heav'n his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board ;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
'Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come,
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here ;
 And millions more, still on the way,
 Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come ;
 Nor could the whole assembled world
 O'erfill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready, come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame ;
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's name.

HYMN 74, Part 2d—L. M.

The gospel feast.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
 Ye need not one be left behind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
 The invitation is to all :
 Come, all the world ! come, sinner, thou !
 All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls, by sin oppress'd,
 Ye restless wand'ers after rest ;
 Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive ;
Ye all may come to Christ and live ;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain !

5 His love is mighty to compel ;
His conq'ring love consents to feel ;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice !
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace !

7 This is the time; no more delay !
This is the acceptable day ;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him that died for all !

HYMN 75, Part 2d—L. M.

The name of Christ most sweet.

THAT name to me sounds ever sweet,
Where grace and truth do always meet ;
Where righteousness doth peace embrace,
And opens wide a store of grace.

2 A meeting place it is indeed,
Where mercy meets a sinner's need,
And opens wide a gracious store,
Sufficient to relieve the poor.

3 Hark! don't you hear the heav'nly call,
It soundeth loud, it is to-all—
To high and low, to bond and free,
That none may say, "Tis not for me."

4 "Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts," he cries,
"Here's wine and milk, in large supplies,
Come now to me, and drink your fill,
'Tis free for whomsoever will."

5 "Come, now receive, I ask no pay,
But freely give it all away,
To all that do my word believe,
And freely now my grace receive."

HYMN 76, Part 2d—L. M.

Grace proclaimed.

COME, trembling ones, forget your fear,
For your eternal friend is near;
O bow your souls before his face,
And share in his redeeming grace.

2 Long time he's call'd your souls in vain,
And yet behold, he calls again;
Once more in love he's come to try;
Say, sinners, will you live, or die?

3 Though long you may have him abused,
And all his calls of love refused,
Yet even now he will forgive;
O sinners, hear his voice and live.

4 Or will you crowd him from your door,
That he may never call you more?
Then think, O souls, how can you bear
To sink in death and long despair?

5 O sinners, hear he calls again,
And do not linger on the plain;
Leave all, and fly to Jesus' arms,
And taste, O taste his heavenly charms.

HYMN 77, Part 2d—P. M.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path which Jesus trod—
Flee to him, your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your only guide.

2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that may befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.

Jesus says, "Let each believer
Be baptized in my name;"
He himself in Jordan's river,
Was immersed beneath the stream.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay;
 Gladly his command embracing,
 Lo! your Captain leads the way.
 View the rite with understanding,
 Jesus' grave before you lies;
 Be interr'd at his commanding,
 After his example rise.

HYMN 78, Part 2d—L. M.

The strong persuasions of grace.

O SINNERS, fly to Jesus' arms,
 Enjoy his everlasting charms!
 He calls you to a heavenly feast,
 O come, poor starving souls, and taste.

2 Say, will you be for ever bless'd,
 And with the heavenly Jesus rest?
 He'll save you from all sin and pain,
 And you shall in full glory reign.

3 Say now, poor souls, what will you do?
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
 Make now the choice and halt no more.
 For Christ is waiting at your door.

4 He waits, he weeps, he's loath to leave,
 And will you not his word believe?
 Why will you let this Jesus go,
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

5 Once more I'll ask you in his name,
(I know his love is still the same.)
Will you be saved from dreadful wo?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

HYMN 79, Part 2d—C. M.

The backslider returning.

O WHAT a cruel wretch am I,
To leave my Jesus so;
And now without his smiles I lie,
And know not where to go.

2 Once I enjoy'd his smiling face,
But did not think so soon
I should go mourning in distress,
And all my comforts gone.

3 Not all the glory of this earth,
Can do me any good;
My soul abhors all carnal mirth,
And groans to find my God.

4 O could I see his face again,
I'd tell him all my wo;
Confess how guilty I have been,
To leave my Jesus so.

5 Then I would clasp him in my arms,
And he should have my heart;
And earth with all her treach'rous charms,
For ever should depart.

HYMN 80, Part 2d—L. M. 6l.

Christ baptized in Jordan.

IN Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
 Immersing the repenting Jews :
 The Son of God the rite demands ;
 Nor dares the holy man refuse
 To plunge his Lord beneath the wave,
 The emblem of his future grave.

2 Admire ye heavens ! the Saviour lies
 In deeps, conceal'd from human view :
 Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
 A fit example this for you,
 The sacred record while you read,
 Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But lo ; from yonder op'ning skies,
 What beams of heav'nly glory spread !
 Dove-like, th' eternal Spirit flies,
 And lights on the Redeemer's head !
 Amazed, they see the power divine
 Around the Savior's temples shine.

4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore !
 What sounds are those that roll along,
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song !
 " This is my well beloved Son
 I see (well pleased) what he hath done."

5 Thus the eternal Father spoke,
Who shakes creation with a nod ;
Through parting skies the accents broke,
And bids us hear the Son of God ;
O hear the joyful word to day !
Hear, all ye nations, and obey !

HYMN 81, Part 2d—P. M.

SALEM'S bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient times to Jordan came
All righteousness to fill ;
'Twas there the ancient baptist stood:
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his masters' will.

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize ;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleased in what he'd done,
And own'd him from the skies.

3 " This is my Son," Jehovah cries,
On him to rest the Spirit flies,
O children, hear ye him ;
Hark! 'tis his voice, behold he cries,
" Repent, believe, and be baptized,
And wash away your sin."

4 Come, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has marked the way,

And has a room prepared;
 Then come, and give consent,
 Walk in the way that Jesus went,
 And have the great reward.

5 Believing children, gather round,
 And let your joyful songs abound,
 With cheerful hearts arise;
 See here is water, here is room,
 A loving Saviour calling, "Come,
 O children, be baptized."

6 Behold his servant waiting stands,
 With willing heart and ready hands,
 To wait upon the bride;
 Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
 And let us join in solemn prayer,
 Down by the water-side.

HYMN 82, Part 2d—C. M.

To be sung at the Lord's Supper.

L ORD, at thy table I behold
 The wonders of thy grace;
 But most of all admire that I
 Should find a welcome place.

2 What strange surprising grace is this,
 That such a soul has room!
 My Saviour takes me by the hand,
 My Jesus bids me come.

3. "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
 "The feast was made for you ;
 For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
 And rose, and triumph'd too."

4 With humble faith and bleeding heart,
 Lord, we accept thy love ;
 'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
 What will it be above ?

5 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
 Join all your praising powers ;
 No theme is like redeeming love,
 No Saviour is like ours.

6 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
 I'd give them all to thee !
 Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
 Should join the harmony.

HYMN 83, Part 2d—C. M.

*A brief description of the Children of God ; in a
 dialogue.*

WHAT poor despised company
 Of travellers are these ;
 Who walk in yonder narrow way,
 Along a rugged maze ?

2 Ah, these are of a royal line,
 All children of a king ;

HYMN 84.

Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo, for joy they sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean ?
And why so much despised ?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not apprised.

4 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze ?
Why, that's the way their leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.

5 What, is there then no other road,
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God ;
None other can be found.

HYMN 84, Part 2d—H. M.

The gospel preacher.

WHAT' contradictions meet
In ministers' employ !
It is a bitter sweet,
A sorrow full of joy ;
No other post affords a place,
For equal honor and disgrace.

2 Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel ?
Constrain'd to speak in vain,
To hearts as hard as steel.

But who can tell the pleasures felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt ?

3 The Saviour's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their utmost efforts move,
And draw their efforts forth :
They pray and strive, their rest departs,
Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.

4 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content ;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event :
Too oft they find their hopes deceived,
Then how their inmost souls are grieved !

5 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade,
The rip'ning ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid :
No harvest joys can equal theirs,
To taste the fruit of all their cares.

HYMN 85, Part 2d—H. M.

Strength from Heaven.

BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Hittite low.

Nor sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

2 'Twas Israel's God and King
Who sent him to the fight,
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

3 Who order'd Gideon forth,
To storm th' invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpet made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.

4 Oh, I have seen the day,
When, with a single word,
(God helping me to say,
My trust is in the Lord,)
My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness, and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapons from my side!
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servant to the end.

HYMN 86, Part 2d—C. M.

The Soldier of the Cross.

A M I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
1 This vain world a friend to grace,
To help us unto God?

3 Shall I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.

5 The saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see a triumph from afar,
And faith presents it nigh.

6 When that illustrious morn shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
With robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 87, Part 2d—L. M.

The good old way.

LIFT up your heads, Emmanuel's friends;
 And taste the pleasures, Jesus sends;
 Let nothing cause you to delay,
 But hasten on the good old way.

CHORUS.

For I have sweet hope of glory in my soul;
 I have sweet hope of glory in my soul;
 I feel, I feel, I feel, I'm on my journey home.

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
 Shall not prevent our victory;
 If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
 Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 Though Satan may his power employ,
 Our happiness for to destroy;
 Yet never fear, we'll win the day,
 And shout and sing the good old way.

4 O, good old way, how sweet thou art!
 May none of us from thee depart;
 But may our actions always say,
 We're walking in the good old way.

5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
 And view by faith the promised land;
 Then we will shout, and sing, and pray,
 And march along the good old way.

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HYMN 88.

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6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,
Remember life is at an end;
Our God will wipe all tears away.
When we have run the good old way.

7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll join with those who're gone before,
And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
By walking in the good old way.

HYMN 88, Part 2d—7s.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear,
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One who loves us to the end;
Forward then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

2 In the world, a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet;

None betray us unto sin,
 Like the foes we have within ;
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ shall also conquer these ;
 Then the joyful news will come,
 Child, your Father calls—Come home.

HYMN 89, Part 2d—C. M.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear ;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust ;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
 In thee do richly meet ;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there ;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
 With my last lab'ring breath ;

And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

HYMN 90, Part 2d—S. M.

The poor of Bethesda.

BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure;

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move;
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove!

3 O would the Lord appear
My malady to heal!
He knows how long I've languished here,
And what distress I feel.

4 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of healing virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.

5 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait and hope and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die!

6 No: he is full of grace;
He never will permit

HYMN 91.

A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

HYMN 91, Part 2d—10 & 11.

I will trust and not be afraid.

BEGONE, unbelief, my Savior is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Tho' dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Tho' eisterns be broken, and creatures all foul,
The word he hath spoken will surely prevail.

3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in troubles to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his sweet pleasure to help me quite
through.

4 Being willing to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame.

5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptations or pain? He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation I know from his word,
Tho' much tribulation, must follow their Lord.

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6 How bitter the cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine,
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

(HYMN 92, Part 2d—H. M.

The believer's spiritual voyage

JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land
Where sin lulls all asleep.
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Through rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye;

My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And ev'ry boist'rous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest ;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast !
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.

5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss :
Far more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace ;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven my destined place ;
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 93, Part 2d—C. P. M.

Regeneration.

WAKED by the gospel's powerful sound,
My soul in sin and thrall I found,
Exposed to dreadful wo!
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,

HYMN 93.

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The sinner must be born again,
Or down to ruin go.

2 I to the law then ran for help,
But still I felt the weight of guilt,
And no relief I found ;
While sin my burden'd soul did pain,
The sinner must be born again,
Did loud as thunder sound.

3 I heard some tell how Christ did give
His life to let the sinner live
But him I could not see ;
I read my Bible, it was plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or die eternally.

4 But as my soul with dying breath,
Lay gasping near the second death,
Christ Jesus I did see ;
Free grace and pardon he proclaim'd
I trust I then was born again
In gospel liberty.

5 Not angels in the world above,
Nor saints could glow with greater love,
Than what my soul enjoy'd ;
My soul did mount on eagle's wing,
And glory, glory, I did sing
To Jesus my dear Lord.

Now with the saints I'll join to tell
 How Jesus saved my soul from hell,
 To sing redeeming love;
 Ascribe the glory to the Lamb,
 The sinner now is born again,
 To dwell with Christ above.

HYMN 94, Part 2d—7s.

Hear what he has done for my soul.

SAVED by blood, I live to tell,
 What the love of Christ has done;
 He redeem'd my soul from hell,
 Of a rebel made a son:
 Oh! I tremble still to think
 How secure I liv'd in sin;
 Sporting on destruction's brink,
 Yet preserved from falling in.

2 In the last distressing hour,
 To my soul the Saviour spoke;
 Touch'd me by his spirit's power,
 And my dang'rous slumber broke;
 Then I saw and own'd my guilt;
 Soon my glorious Lord replied,
 "Fear not, I my blood have spilt,
 'Twas for such as thee I died."

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
 All at once possess'd my heart;
 Can I hope thy grace to prove,
 After acting such a part?

"Thou hast greatly sinn'd," he said,
 "But I freely all forgive;
 I myself thy ransom made,
 Now I bid thee rise and live."

4 Come, my fellow sinners, try,
 Jesus' heart is full of love;
 Oh, that you as well as I,
 May his wondrous mercy prove!
 He has sent me to declare
 All is ready, all is free;
 Why should any soul despair,
 When he saved a wretch like me?

HYMN 95, Part 2d—Ss.

None on earth do I desire besides thee.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Fair prospects, sweet songs and sweet flowers,
 Have lost all their sweetness to me.
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence dispenses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice;
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear,

HYMN 96.

No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 96, Part 2d—C. P. M.

The Lord is in his garden.

THE Lord into his garden comes;
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lillies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine!
From Jesus flow to ev'ry vine,
Which makes the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,

A fruitful soil become !
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun, —
My soul a witness is ;
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive !
None are too late who will repent,
Out of one sinner legions went,
Jesus did him relieve.

5 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there
When we arrive at home.

6 There, on that peaceful, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout, our suff'ring Lord
In sweet, redeeming love ;
We'll shout and praise our conq'ring King,

HYMN 97.

Who died himself, that he might bring
Us rebels near to God.

HYMN 97, Part 2d—L. M.

The way.

JESUS my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon,
His track I see and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I was not freed from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, bless'd Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
My sinful self to thee I give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;

I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "BEHOLD THE WAY TO GOD."

HYMN 98, Part 2d—P. M.

The Convert.

OH how happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above !
Tongue can never express,
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the Saviour divine,
I first found in the blood of the Lamb !
When at first I believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name !

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song ;
O that all his salvation might see !
He hath loved me, he cried,



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He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above,
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My glad soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire;
And the world it was under my feet.

7 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
And was fill'd with the fulness of God.

HYMN 99, Part 2d—C. M.

The danger and vanity of the world.

VAIN world, vain world, I bid adieu
To your deceitful joys;
I would not sell my soul for you,
Nor longer hold your toys.

2 Too long I held you in my arms,
And courted every snare ;
But now I see your flatt'ring charms
Will end in dark despair.

3 You flatter with a vain applause,
And promise future joy ;
When all your treasures are but dross,
Your bliss an empty toy.

4 Careless I trod your giddy maze,
And thought that all was well ;
But now I see those carnal ways
Lead to the gates of hell.

5 Bless'd be the Lord who taught my soul,
How near the gulf I stood !
And now while mortal moments roll,
I'll seek substantial good.

HYMN 100, Part 2d—C. M.

Farewell to all but Christ.

FAREWELL, vain world, I bid adieu,
Your glory I despise ;
Your friendship I no more pursue,
Your flatt'ries are but lies.

2 You promise happiness in vain,
Nor can you satisfy ;
Your highest pleasures turn to pain,
And all your treasures die.

3 Had I the Indies, East and West,
And riches of the sea.
Without my God I could not rest,
For he is all to me.

4 Then let my soul rise far above,
By faith I'll take my wing,
To the eternal realms of love,
Where saints and angels sing.

5 There's love and joy that will not waste,
There's treasures that endure ;
There's pleasures that will always last,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 101, Part 2d—C. M.

O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt ?

COME, O my doubting soul, attend
Unto thy Saviour's call !

Come, tell the great Almighty Friend,
Why is thy faith so small ?

2 Why all these unbelieving fears ?
Jehovah's arm is strong ;
O chide these sighs, and groans, and tears,
And turn them to a song.

3 Is God thy shield, thy great reward,
Thy portion and thy all ?
Is Christ thy Captain, and thy Lord,
And shall thy hope be small ?

4 Why wilt thou thus dispute his love,
And thus abuse his care?
Why wilt thou grieve the heavenly Dove,
And yield to every snare?

5 In Jesus every grace is found,
Why wilt thou not believe?
He hath a balm for every wound,
Why wilt thou not receive?

6 His arm can conquer every foe,
His grace can sanctify:
My heart replies, Lord be it so,
Let my corruptions die.

7 Sin is the cause of every fear,
O keep me from its power!
Slay the accursed monster here,
That I may doubt no more.

HYMN 102, Part 2d—C. M.

Looking to the cross.

I N evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear.
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,

Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayst live."

7 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd ;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 103, Part 2d—C. M.

Walking with God.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord;
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So, shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So, purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 104, 105.

HYMN 104, Part 2d—C. M.

Filial submission.

AND can my heart aspire so high,
 To say, "My Father God?"
 Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
 And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
 For thou art good and wise;
 Let every anxious thought be still,
 Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
 And bid me wait serene;
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
 And brighten all the scene.

4 "My Father,"—O permit my heart
 To plead her humble claim,
 And ask the bliss those words impart,
 In my Redeemer's name.

HYMN 105, Part 2d—L. M.

Choosing the better part.

BESET with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand:
 Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart,
 To fix on Mary's better part;

To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN 106, Part 2d—L. M.

WHAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat ;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;

But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creatures' ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would often be,
Hear what the Lord hath done for me!

HYMN 107, Part 2d—C. M.

Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.

THOU thee again, my gracious God,
I lift my heart and eyes;
Thou art my only safe abode,
Thou only just and wise.

2 In thee, for ev'ry needful grace,
My soul would still confide;
Keep me, O Lord, in ev'ry place,
Secure on ev'ry side.

3 Be thou, my guardian, ever near,
Thy presence I entreat:
Keep me, O keep me in thy fear,
Uphold my sliding feet.

4 The paths I tread are strew'd with snares,
In mercy take my part:

Let not applauses wound my ears,
Nor censures vex my heart.

5 Lest I should once disgrace the cause,
Make me, O Lord, to grow
Deaf both to censure and applause,
And dead to all below.

6 I'd seek the honor of thy name,
And leave my own to die;
Help me to sink with humble shame,
And raise thy praises high.

HYMN 108, Part 2d—C. M.

Secret prayer.

FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night,
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There may that piercing eye survey
My du'tous homage paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry evening's shade.

3 O let thy own celestial fire,
The incense still inflame,
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
 My soul in secret bliss;
 So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
 Thy suppliant to confess.

5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
 This is the total sum;
 Mercy, through Christ, is all my suit,
 Lord, let thy mercy come.

HYMN 109, Part 2d—C. M.

Deliver us from evil.

TEACH us, O Lord, aright to plead
 For mercies from above:
 O come and bless our souls indeed,
 With light, and joy, and love.

2 The gospel's promised land is wide,
 We fain would enter in;
 But we are press'd on ev'ry side,
 With unbelief and sin.

3 Arise, O Lord, enlarge our coast;
 Let us possess the whole;
 That Satan may no longer boast,
 He can thy work control.

4 Oh, may thy hand be with us still,
 Our guide and guardian be;
 To keep us safe from ev'ry ill,
 Till death shall set us free.

- 5 Help us on thee to cast our care,
And on thy word to rest;
That Israel's God who heareth prayer,
Will grant us our request.

HYMN 110, Part 2d—C. M.

The true improvement of life.

- AND is this life prolong'd to me?
Are days and seasons given?
O let me then prepare to be
A fitter heir of heaven.

- 2 In vain, these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord I accept thine offer'd grace,
I bow before thy throne.

- 3 Now cleanse my soul from ev'ry sin
By my Redeemer's blood:
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honours of my God.

- 4 Let me no more my soul beguile
With sin's deceitful toys:
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
Approach to heavenly joys.

- 5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savour of thy name,
Where'er I spend my days.

6 On earth let my example shine ;
 And when I leave this state,
 May heaven receive this soul of mine.
 To bliss supremely great.

HYMN 111, Part 2d—S. M.

Prayer for blessing.

WITH hearts and lips unfeign'd,
 We praise thee for thy word ;
 We bless thee for the joyful news
 Of our redeeming Lord.

2 Like as the kindly rain
 Returns not back to heaven,
 But cheers and fruitful makes the earth,
 The end of which 'twas given :

3 So let thy present voice
 Accomplish thy design ;
 Distil on all our thirsty souls,
 And consecrate us thine.

4 Water thy sacred seed,
 And give it great increase ;
 Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
 Hinder the fruits of peace.

5 Then, though we weeping sow,
 And tears our hours employ ;
 We know we shall return again,
 And bring our sheaves with joy.

HYMN 112, Part 2d—C. M.

The effort.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd ;
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, " Thou hast died."

5 Oh wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 " Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive ;"
'Tis Jesus speaks —I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

HYMN 113, 114.

HYMN 113, Part 2d—L. M.

The pilgrim's song.

I'M glad I ever saw the day
 We met to sing, and preach, and pray ;
 Here's glory, glory, in my soul,
 Which makes me praise my Lord so bold.

2 Lord keep us safe while passing through,
 And fill our souls with meekness too ;
 Redeeming grace that pleasing song,
 We'll sing as we do pass along.

3 I hope to praise him when I rise,
 And shout salvation through the skies ;
 Sing glory, glory, in the air,
 Meet all my Father's children there.

HYMN 114, Part 2d—C. M.

The everlasting song.

EARTH has engross'd my love too long :
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.

2 There the bless'd man, my Saviour, sits
 That sun how bright he shines !
 And scatters infinite delights
 On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
 Compass the throne around ;

And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

4 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
O for some heav'nly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!

5 There ye that love my Saviour sit;
There I would fain have place
Among your thrones or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

HYMN 115, Part 2d—L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attend thy word;
'Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes ye mortals bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing,
'The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name!

4 In ev'ry land begin the song,
'To every land the strains belong;

HYMN 116.

In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

HYMN 116, Part 2d—L. M.

God's goodness to the children of men.

Y^E sons of men with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound,
Through all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade,
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish and fowls, and beasts, and worms.

4 View the broad sea's majestic plains
And think how wide its Maker reigns:
That band remotest notion joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines,

5 But oh! that brighter world above
Where lives and reigns Jesus my love!
God's only son in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,
There in the land of praise adore ;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

HYMN 117, Part 2d—L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His wondrous power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise :
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 118, Part 2d—6 lines 8s.

Be watchful.

MY weary soul with patience wait,
Be watchful in thy fallen state ;

Thou hast an anxious charge to keep,
 Thou shalt not rest—thou must not sleep,
 Withstand awhile the tempter's pow'r—
 "Canst thou not watch with me one hour?"

2 Thy lovely home lies far away,
 'Midst regions of perpetual day,
 And never toil, and never care,
 Shall break thy glorious Sabbath there;
 But watching at thy post below,
 No hour of respite canst thou know.

3 Lest some lov'd sin in soft disguise,
 Should cheat thy tir'd and listless eyes,
 And some lov'd whisper faintly say,
 'Thy Lord his coming doth delay,—
 Oh! heed not thou the dangerous sound,
 'Thou'rt on the world's enchanted ground.

4 Fulfil thy promise, Lord abide
 Within my heart, my strength, my guide,
 If thou my wand'rings wilt control,
 If thou wilt aid my languid soul,
 Unwearied shall its watchings be,
 Till death is lost in victory.

HYMN 119, Part 2d—C. M.

Self-denial ; or taking up the cross.

▲ SHAMED of Christ? my soul disdains
 The mean, ungen'rous thought ;

Shall I disown that friend, whose blood
To man salvation brought.

2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came ;
For us endured the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.

3 At his command we must take up
Our cross without delay ;
Our lives—and thousand lives of ours,
His love can ne'er repay.

4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views
With infinite delight ;
Their lives to him are dear, their deaths
Are precious in his sight.

5 To bear his name, his cross to bear,
Our highest honor this !
Who nobly suffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in bliss.

6 But should we in the evil day,
From our profession fly,
Jesus the judge, before the world
The traitor will deny.

HYMN 120, Part 2d—C. P. M.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
Which lifts my heart to things above,

It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen :
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

4 There are my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
But Jesus bids me come.

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heav'nly rest ;
Then let the pilgrim's journey end,
And O, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast.

HYMN 121, Part 2d—8s.

Trust and confidence; or looking beyond present appearances.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
 Let fear in me no more take place!
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face:
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield?
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
 I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,
 'The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
 'The field elude the tiller's toil;
 'The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race,
 Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.

3 Away, each unbelieving fear,
 Let fear to cheering hope give place:
 My Saviour will at length appear,
 And show the brightness of his face:
 Though now my prospects all be cross'd,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,
 Still will I in my Jesus trust,
 Whose boundless love can reach to me.

4 In hope, believing against hope,
 His promised mercy will I claim ;
 His gracious word shall bear me up,
 To seek salvation in his name :
 Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh !
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 122, Part 2d—L. M.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
 Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
 Whose glory shines through endless days ?

2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far,
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine,
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon,
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon :
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
 Bright morning-star, bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more adore his name.

5 I'll boast, nor is my boasting vain,
While thus I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

6 His institutions will I prize,
Take up the cross, the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 123, Part 2d—P. M.

The jewels of the Lord.

YE jewels of my Master,
Who shine with heavenly rays,
Amid the beams of glory,
Reflect immortal blaze;
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crown'd,
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound.

2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
The purchase of his blood,
Who feed among the lillies,
Beside the purple flood;
Go on, ye happy pilgrims,
Your journey still pursue,
And at an humble distance,
I'll sing, and follow too.

HYMN 123.

3 When I beheld your order
And harmony of soul,
And heard divinest numbers
In pure devotion roll,
And gems immortal glowing
With such enlivening grace,
I view'd the Saviour's image
Impressed on every face.

4 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion join'd;
'Though trials may await you,
'The crown before you lies;
'Take courage, brother pilgrims
And soon you'll win the prize.

5 "You shall be mine," says Jesus,
"In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
And releas'd from cumb'rous clay."
He'll polish and refine you
From worthless dross and sin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.

6 On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound;

Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands;
Lo, you're redeem'd forever
From death's corrupted bands.

7 As Aaron with his girdle,
In shining jewels dress'd,
Bore all the tribes of Israel
Inscrib'd upon his breast;
So will the Priest of Zion,
Before the Father's throne,
Present the heirs of glory,
And God the kindred own.

8 The golden bells will echo
Around the sacred hill,
And sweet, immortal anthems,
The vocal regions fill:
In everlasting beauty
The shining millions stand,
Safe on the Rock of ages,
Amid the promis'd land.

9 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures
Be lost in love profound:
While all the flaming harpers
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumber'd throng.

HYMN 124, Part 2d—L. M.

Separation.

COME ye that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk this narrow, happy road.

2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon you'll walk the golden street ;
Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

3 The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
Sound through the earth, yea, down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.

4 Behold the skies in burning flame,
The trumpet loud does now proclaim,
The world must hear and know their doom,
The separation now is come.

5 Behold the righteous marching home ;
And all the angels bid them come ;
While Christ, the judge, their joy proclaims,
Here come my saints, I own their names.

6 Ye everlasting doors, fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride :
Ye harps of heaven, come sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood.

7 In grandeur see the royal lines,
Whose glitt'ring robes the sun outshines;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor round the throne.

8 They stand in wonder and look on,
And join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their hearts on fire.

HYMN 125, Part 2d—C. M.

The promised land.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide, extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever bless'd ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

HYMN 126, Part 2d—C. M.

Warning to sinners to flee from the wrath to come.

WITH love of pity I look round
Upon my fellow-clay ;
See men reject the gospel sound,
Good God ! what shall I say ?

2 Now is the time, th' accepted hour,
O sinners ! come away ;
The Saviour's knocking at your door,
Arise, without delay.

3 Do not refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw ;
He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
To execute his law.

4 Then where, poor sinners, will you be,
If destitute of grace ;
When you your injured Judge shall see,
And stand before his face !

5 O could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye.

6 But death and hell must all appear,
And you among them stand ;
Before the great, impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

7 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear,
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapp'd in keen despair.

HYMN 127, Part 2d—C. M.

True liberty given by Christ.

HARK ! for 'tis God's own Son that calls,
To life and liberty ;
Transported fall before his feet,
Who makes the pris'ners free.

2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain ;
Smiling, he deals those pardons round,
Which free from dreadful pain.

3 Into the captive heart he pours
 His Spirit from on high;
 We lose the terrors of a slave,
 And Abba Father cry.

4 Shake off your bonds and sing his grace,
 The sinner's friend proclaim;
 And call on all around to seek
 True freedom by his name.

5 Walk on at large, till you attain
 Your Father's house above;
 There shall you wear immortal crowns,
 And sing immortal love.

HYMN 128, Part 2d—C. M.

Death and Heaven.

AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint and die;
 I soon shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high;
 Shall join the glorified saints,
 And find its long-sought rest;
 That only bliss for which it pants,
 In the Redeemer's breast.

2 in hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain;
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain;

I suffer on my three-score years,
 Till my deliverer come ;
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !
 Before my ravish'd eyes,
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise ;
 I see a host of brethren bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there ;
 They all are robed in spotless white,
 And conq'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet
 With that enraptured host appear,
 And worship at thy feet ?
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away ;
 But let me find my friends again,
 In that eternal day.

HYMN 129, Part 2d—L. M.

SOON I shall hear the solemn call
 (Prepared or not) to yield my breath,
 And this poor mortal frame must fall
 A helpless prey to cruel death.

2 Then look my soul look forward now,
 And anchor safe, beyond the flood :

Bow to the Saviour's footstool, bow,
And get a life secure in God.

3 Before these fleeting hours are gone,
I'll bid this mortal world adieu;
And to the Lord I'll now resign
My life, my breath, and spirit too.

4 Then welcome death, with all its force,
No more I'll fear the gaping grave;
Jesus, my Lord, my last resource,
Will reach his arm my soul to save.

5 He will not hide his smiling face,
Nor leave me in that trying hour;
I'll trust my soul upon his grace,
And, cheerful, leave this mortal shore.

HYMN 130, Part 2d—C. M.

At the funeral of a young person.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away,
By Death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2. While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd
With awful power, I too must die—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb,

HYMN 131.

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It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey:
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

HYMN 131, Part 2d—S. M.

The final sentence and misery of the wicked.

AND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound,
And, through the num'rous, guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?

3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
To everlasting flame,

For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away!

5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead.
Hark from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN 132, Part 2d—C. M.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day—
For ev'ry vain and idle thought,
And ev'ry word I say?

2 Yes ev'ry secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,

And I receive my just desert,
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live ?
With what religious fear ;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here !

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow ;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near !
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

HYMN 133, Part 2d—S. M.

Evening.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

HYMN 134.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
 And view th' unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.

6 And when our days are pass'd,
 And we from time remove,
 O may we in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 134, Part 2d—7s.

Presumption and despair.

I HATE the tempter and his charms
 I hate his flatt'ring breath;
 The serpent takes a thousand forms,
 To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
 Or kills with slavish fear;
 And holds us still in wide extremes—
 Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis
 To walk the road to heaven;"
 Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
 "They cannot be forgiven."

4 He bids young sinners, "Yet forbear
To think of God or death;
For prayer and devotion are
But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged, "You must die,
And 'tis too late to pray:
In vain for mercy now you cry,
For you have lost your day."

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne,
By mischief and deceit;
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

HYMN 135, Part 2d—L. M. 6l.

Farewell.

FAREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,
The gospel sounds the Jubilee;
My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud
From land to land, from sea to sea;
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell in bonds of union dear,
Like strings you twine about my heart,
I humbly beg your earnest prayer,
Till we shall meet no more to part;
Till we shall meet in heaven above,
Encircled in eternal love.

HYMN 136.

3 Farewell my earthly friends below,
Although so kind and dear to me ;
My Jesus calls, and I must go,
To sound the gospel jubilee :
To sound the joy, and bear the news
To Gentile nations and the Jews.

4 Farewell, young people, one and all,
While God will give me breath to breathe,
I'll pray to the eternal All,
That your dear souls in Christ may live—
That your dear souls prepared may be,
To dwell in bliss eternally.

5 Farewell to all below the sun,
And as I pass in tears below,
The path is straight my feet shall run,
And God will keep me as I go—
And God will keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promised land.

6 Farewell, farewell ! I look above ;
Jesus, my friend, to thee I call,
My joy, my crown, my only love,
My safeguard here, my heaven, my all.
My theme to preach, my song to sing,
My only hope in death—Amen.

HYMN 136, Part 2d—L. M.

Pilgrim's farewell.

PILGRIMS, with pleasure, let us part,
Since we are of one mind and heart ;

No length of days or distant place,
Can ever break these bands of grace.

2 Parting with joy, we'll join and sing
The wonders of our Lord and King:
Our distant bodies may remove,
But nothing shall divide our love.

3 In vain may earth and hell combine,
To quench that love which is divine;
It will not cease with dying breath,
Nor cool when we are cold in death.

4 Now join'd in love in Jesus' name,
Let's part and fly to spread his fame;
That other souls may leave their wo,
And share with us in glory too.

5 A few more rolling days and years
Shall bring a period to our tears;
We soon shall reach that blissful shore,
Where parting shall be known no more.

6 And then we shall adore the hand,
That led us through this desert land.
Lose all our griefs, forget our pain,
And join in everlasting strains.

HYMN 137, Part 2d—C. M.

At the meeting of friends.

WELL met, dear friends, in Jesus' name,
Come, let us now rejoice,



While we our Saviour's praise proclaim,
With cheerful heart and voice,

But oh ! dear Jesus Lamb of God,
Send down the heavenly Dove ;
Thy blessing now diffuse abroad,
And warm our hearts with love.

3 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,
Except thy face we see ;
Thy presence makes a heaven most sweet,
Whene'er we meet with thee.

4 A dungeon shows a heavenly dawn,
When there with thee we dwell ;
But when thy presence is withdrawn
A palace proves a hell.

5 Then, O dear Jesus, condescend,
To meet us with a smile :
Thy Spirit's quick'ning influence, send,
And purge our hearts from guile.

6 That, at the close, each one may say
We meet not here in vain !
For we have tasted heaven to-day,
Nor could we more contain."

HYMN 138, Part 2d—C. M.

JESUS, let not thy grace delay
To meet us with thy love ;

Drive interposing clouds away,
And make our guilt remove.

2 Come in with power, to ev'ry soul,
O, thou immortal dove;
Make ev'ry wounded spirit whole,
With thy redeeming love.

3 We long to meet our God to-day,
And taste thy grace divine,
That ev'ry soul with joy may say,
My Lord, my God is mine.

4 What do we here without thy grace,
O blessed Lamb of God!
'Twill be a dark and tiresome place,
Unless we feel thy word.

5 Here's some that pant, O God, to see
Thy face, and taste thy love;
O speak, and bring us near to thee,
And make our doubts remove.

6 Jesus, inspire each heart and tongue,
To learn thy precious name;
Redeeming love shall be our song,
And we thy love proclaim.

HYMN 139, Part 2d—C. M.

Met for worship.

HERE, in the presence of our God,
We've met to seek thy face;

HYMN 140.

O let us feel th' eternal word,
And feast upon thy grace.

2 O may this be a happy hour,
To ev'ry mourning soul;
Display thy love, make known thy power,
And make the wounded whole.

3 O may a spark of heavenly fire,
Each stupid soul inflame,
And sacred love our tongues inspire
To praise thy worthy name.

4 Let ev'ry soul the Saviour see,
And taste his love divine;
And ev'ry heart for ever be,
United, Lord, with thine.

HYMN 140, Part 2d—C. M.

Morning before baptism; or at the water-side.

HOW great, how solemn is the work,
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.

2 O may we feel as once we felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Relieved our ev'ry smart.

3 Let grace, which then was exercised,
Be exercised again;

And nurtured by celestial power,
In exercise remain.

4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy ;
Vain world, begone, let things above,
Our happy thoughts employ.

5 While thee, our Saviour and our Lord,
To all around we own ;
Drive each rebellious rival lust,
Each traitor from the throne.

6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise ;
That hence our lives, our all may be
Devoted to thy praise.

HYMN 141, Part 2d—C. M.

BLESS'D be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part,
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,

Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified !

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace ;
Except his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partaker's of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

HYMN 142, Part 2d—C. M.

Friends parting.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace ;
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loath to leave the place.

2. But, Father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again,
Yet let thy special presence still
With every one remain.

- 3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love ;
Till we, before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.
- 4 There, void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
But in seraphic, endless strains,
Redeeming love admire.
- 5 All sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall then for ever fly ;
Nor shall a thought that we must part,
Once interrupt our joy.
- 6 And thus, to all eternity,
Upon the heavenly shore,
The great, mysterious Deity,
Jehovah, we'll adore.

HYMN 143, Part 2d—11s.

Farewell.

FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at
hand,
That we must be parted from this social band ;
Our several engagements do call us away,
Separation is needful, and we must obey.

- 2 Farewell, loving Christians, farewell for a while,
We'll soon meet again, if kind Heaven should smile;

And while we are parted and scatter'd abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged,

The war is just ended, the treasure's enlarged;
With singing and shouting, tho' Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts, who've listed for
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near; [war,
And tho' you must walk thro' this dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.

5 The world, flesh, and Satan, and hell all unite,
And bold persecutors will strive to affright;
Yet Jesus stands for you, he's greater than they,
Let this animate you to march on the way.

6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken heart,
O haste to know Jesus, and choose the good part;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended, your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, careless sinners, for you do I mourn,
To think of your danger, and you unconcern'd;
I've heard of a judgment where all must appear,
O there you'll stand trembling with tormenting fear.

8 Your frolics and pastimes, in which you delight,
Will serve to torment you in that dreadful fright;

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You'll think on these sermons which you've heard
in vain,
When hope's gone for ever of hearing again.

9 Farewell, faithful pilgrims, farewell all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall
sound,

To meet you in glory, I give you my hand;
The Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

HYMN 144, Part 2d—10s. & 11s.

The Star in the East.

HAIL the bless'd morn, when the great Mediator;
Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for his guards, the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star in the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.

3 Say, shall we yield him with costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountains, and pearls from the ocean.
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
 Richer by far is the soul's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HYMN 145, Part 2d—8. & 6.

Christ's Crucifixion.

THE Son of man they did betray,
 He was condemned and led away!
 Think, O my soul, on that dread day,
 Look on mount Calvary:
 Behold him lamb-like led along,
 Surrounded by a wicked throng:
 Accused by each lying tongue,
 And then the Lamb of God they hung
 Upon a shameful tree.

2 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
 With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,
 From ev'ry wound a stream of blood
 Came flowing down amain:
 His bitter groans all nature shook,
 And at his voice the rocks were broke,
 And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
 While spiteful Jews around him mock,
 And laughed at his pain.

3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
 Behold in agonies he dies!
 O sinners, hear his mournful cries,
 See his tormenting pains!

The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd, and refused to see the sight;
The azure clothed in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd in dread affright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

4 Hark! men and angels, hear the Son!
He cries for help; but oh! there's none!
He treads the winepress all alone,
His garments stain'd with blood.
In lamentation hear him cry,
Eloi lama sabachthani;
Though death may close those languid eyes,
He soon will mount the upper skies,
The conq'ring Son of God.

5 The Jews and Romans in a land,
With hearts like steel around him stand,
Mocking, they say, come save the land,
Come try thyself to free.
A soldier pierced him when he died,
Then healing streams flow'd from his side,
And thus my Lord was crucified,
And justice then was satisfied,
Sinners, for you and me.

6 Behold he mounts the throne of state,
He fills the mediatorial seat,
While angels bowing at his feet,
In loud hosannas tell,

How he endured exquisite pains,
 And led the monster, death, in chains,
 Ye seraphs raise your highest strains,
 With music fill bright Eden's plains,
 He conquer'd death and hell.

HYMN 146, Part 2d—S. M.

A prospect of Christ's Church.

BEHOLD a lovely vine,
 Here in the desert ground;
 The blossoms shoot and promise fruit,
 And tender grapes are found.

2 Its circling branches rise,
 And shade the neighb'ring land;
 With lovely charms, she spreads her arms,
 With clusters in her hand.

3 This city can't be hid,
 It's built upon a hill;
 The dazzling light it shines so bright,
 It doth the valleys fill.

4 Ye trees which lofty stand,
 And stars, with sparkling light,
 Ye Christians hear, both far and near,
 'Tis joy to see the sight.

5 Ye insects, feeble race,
 And fish that glide the stream,

Ye birds that fly secure on high,
Repeat the joyful theme.

6 Ye beasts that feed at home,
Or roam the valleys round,
With lofty voice proclaim the joys,
And join the pleasant sound.

7 Shall feeble nature sing,
And man not join the lays?
O may their throats be swell'd with notes,
And fill'd with songs of praise.

8 Glory to God on high,
For his redeeming grace;
The blessed Dove came from above,
To save our ruin'd race.

HYMN 147, Part 2d—S. M.

Praising Christ.

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

HYMN 148.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues ;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing, till ye hear Christ say,
"Your sins are all forgiven ;"
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
Till we all meet in heaven.

HYMN 148, Part 2d—12s.

The Church in her purity.

THE time soon is coming by the prophets fore-
told.

When Zion in purity the world will behold ;
For Jesus' pure testimony will gain the day,
Denomination selfishness will vanish away.

2 'Twill then be discover'd who for Jesus will be,
And who are in Babylon, the saints then will see ;
The line of division then will fully be known,
Between the pure kingdom and defiled Babylon.

3 What beauty the Church will then put on in
her light, [right ;
All govern'd by Jesus Christ who always leads
No spot on her countenance in that glorious day,
Unnecessary ceremonies vanish away.

4 Led on by the Comforter, what sweet will be
found, [abound ;
What peace and what harmony and love will

Losing time, things for Jesus will be counted all
joy,
And helping each other, a delightful employ.

5 The watchmen lift up their voice then all as one,
East, west, north, and southward, to and fro they
will run,
In the spirit's pure testimony preach up the cross,
And mystery, Babylon, must suffer the loss.

6 But O! what a storm of persecution will rage,
In the cause of old Babylon, too many engage;
Beholding their loss and thus beginning to sink,
They'll hope to obstruct the light from spreading,
I think.

7 But truth cuts its way and love will melt down
its foes,
The pure word of God will conquer all who oppose;
The church stand in purity, in peace and in love,
In sight of her enemies, she rises above.

8 Now let all who wish to see Millenium begin,
Come out and be separate from sinners and sin.
As soon as the churches are redeem'd from all sin,
The time call'd Millennium will surely begin.

HYMN 149, Part 2d—8s.

The Heavenly Union.

FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love;



HYMN 150.

It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in the paradise lost ;
It grows on Emmanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts are united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder bless'd mansions of love.

4 O why then so loath to depart,
Since we shall ere long meet again,
Engraved on Emmanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
United with angels above,
No longer confined to our clay,
O'erwhelmed in the ocean of love.

6 O then with our Jesus we'll reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
And sing hallelujah, amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

HYMN 150, Part 2d—S. M.

Christian Love.

LET party names no more,
The Christian world o'erspread ;

Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy, child of hell !
Be banish'd far away ;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below,
Resemble that above ;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN 151, Part 2d—S. M.

Unity.

LET strife forever cease
And envy quit the field ;
Come join, and live in love and peace,
And to the gospel yield.

2 Let bitter words no more
Among the saints remain
Let ev'ry member, ev'ry hour
Submit to Jesus' reign.

HYMN 152.

3 When bitter words arise,
Then Satan has his ends:
We wound the heart and hands of Christ,
Amid his chosen friends.

4 Then why should we contend
For meat, and drink, and dress,
And crucify the Lord again,
And pierce his wounds afresh?

5 No more we'll feed the flame,
Nor judge ourselves too wise;
But search with care to find the beam,
That lurks within our eyes.

6 Unto the world we'll prove,
That we disciples are;
They shall behold us walk in love;
And say the Lord is there.

HYMN 152, Part 2d—L. P. M.

Baptism.

O YE bloodwash'd ransom'd sinners,
Highly favor'd of the Lord,
Now ye prove your love to Jesus,
By regarding thus his word.
Rise and follow, rise and follow,
Rise and follow Christ your Lord.

2 See his wat'ry tomb before you;
Hear him echo—"Follow me;"

For beneath the streams of Jordan,
 Christ your great Redeemer lay.
 Rise and follow, rise and follow,
 Rise and follow Christ to-day.

3 Yes—beneath those honor'd waters,
 Great Emmanuel was baptized;
 Of which he then ascended,
 And the Father was well pleased.
 Let us follow, let us follow,
 Let us follow Christ our Lord.

4 Love constrains you all to follow
 Jesus to his liquid grave;
 Lo! look up; expect his presence,
 Which he promised you to have—
 While you follow, while you follow
 Jesus to his liquid grave.

5 Jesus, come: thine approbation
 May we gladly see and feel;
 Cause, O cause the heav'ns to open,
 And thy wondrous love reveal;
 And we'll follow, and we'll follow,
 And we'll follow thee our all.

HYMN 156, Part 2d—L. M.

The Son of Man lifted up.

HE dies the friend of sinners dies!
 Lo, Salem's daughters wept around!

HYMN 157.

A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load !
He shed a thousand drops for you !
A thousand drops of richest blood !

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for men !
But lo, what sudden joys we see !
Jesus the dead revives again !

4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb !
The tomb in vain forbids his rise !
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns !
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains.

6 Say : " Live forever wondrous King !"
Born to redeem and strong to save !
Then ask the monster : " Where's thy sting !
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

HYMN 157, Part 2d.—7s.

Recruiting Orders.

CHRIST is set on Zion's hill,
He receiveth sinners still !

Who will serve this blessed King
Come, enlist, and with me sing:

I his soldier soon shall be
Happy in eternity.

2 I by faith enlisted am,
In the service of the Lamb:
Present pay I now receive,
Future happiness he'll give.
I his soldier &c.

3 Zion's King my Captain is,
Conquest I shall never miss;
Let the powers of hell engage,
Strive to hurt with all their rage.
I his soldier, &c.

4 Let the world their forces join,
With the powers of hell combine
Greater is my King than they.
Through him I shall win the day,
I his soldier, &c.

5 Wicked men I do not fear,
Though they persecute me here,
True, they may my body kill,
But my King's on Zion's hill.
I his soldier &c.

6. What a Captain have I got?
Is not mine a happy lot?

HYMN 158.

Hear, ye worldlings, hear my song
 This the language of my tongue.
 I his soldier, &c.

7 When this life's short space is o'er,
 I shall live to die no more ;
 Therefore will I take the sword,
 Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord.
 I his soldier, &c.

8 Come, ye worldlings, come enlist,
 'Tis the voice of Jesus Christ :
 Whosoever will may come,
 Jesus Christ refuseth none.
 I his soldier, &c.

9 Jesus is my captain's name,
 Now as yesterday the same ;
 In his name I notice give,
 All who come he will receive.
 I his soldier, &c.

10 Be persuaded, take his pay,
 All your sins he'll wash away ;
 Now in Jesus' name believe,
 Future happiness he'll give.
 Yes in heaven you sure shall be,
 Praising God eternally.

HYMN 158, Part 2d—8s.

The Holy War.

I'VE 'listed in the holy war,
 To fight for life and endless joy ;

And grace, more boundless than the sea,
Is the rich wages I receive.

2 Under my Captain, Jesus Christ,
I am enlisted during life,
To fight against the powers of hell
In favor of Emmanuel.

3 My Gen'ral is the great I AM,
Against whose sword no one can stand,
But all before his word must fall,
For he has power to conquer all.

4 My great, good Captain, mild and meek,
Most kindly favors all the weak;
His servants all are chosen peers,
And all his soldiers, volunteers.

5 From day to day with living bread,
And rich provisions, I am fed;
Drawn from my Gen'ral's well filled stores,
On blessed Canaan's happy shores.

6 Arm'd with my helmet, sword and shield,
I'll never quit the glorious field,
For Christ my Lord, the vict'ry's won:
Then, O my soul, put courage on.

7 I've listed and I mean to fight,
Till all my foes are put to flight:
Tho' battles rage, and wars increase,
Soon I shall reach a land of peace.

HYMN 159.

8 I'll God adore—obey his laws,
Nor coward prove in his good cause
But in his service firm abide,
Fighting upon Emmanuel's side.

9 I've fought through many battles sore,
And ready stand to fight through more,
'Trusting in Jesus' sacred name;
• None in his holy war are slain.

10 I have a sword which when I wield,
The stoutest foe must quit the field;
The word of God must e'er prevail,
Eternal truth can never fail.

11 Come, sinners, then, enlisted be
And Christ your king shall make you free,
Come, try his service—trust the Lord,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 159, Part 2d—11s.

The soldiers of Jesus called to arms.

COME, soldiers of Jesus, your armour gird on,
Your Captain commands you, God's well be-
loved Son;
He's unfurl'd his banner in our happy land,
Come, rally around it, ye cross-bearing band.

2 Throw by men's inventions, abide by God's
word;
For Jesus, your Lawgiver, Master; and Lord;

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His laws are not grievous, but righteous and good;
And we are his servants, the price of his blood.

3 O how has he wearied you, Christians declare,
Don't think it presumption his name for to bear,
The disciples at Antioch flourished and grew,
Not fettered by human invention like you.

4 O love one another, your Jesus commands;
Unite with your voices, your hearts, and your
hands,
Like an army with banners, you dreadful shall be;
The host of the aliens before you shall flee.

5 Bold Atheist and Deist shall then hide their face,
When Christians unite as dear children of grace;
The scorner, blasphemer, before you shall fall;
And sinners, confounded, for mercy shall call.

6 Yet thousands, dear Christians, converted shall
be; [knees;
The haughty gainsayers, themselves, bow the
Their weeping and crying shall reach to the clouds,
And poor bleeding Zion be swarming with crowds.

7 Then God's ancient people, the poor scatter'd
Jews,
Who long have been exiles, no more shall refuse
To own our dear Jesus, their promised king,
But fly and take shelter beneath his kind wing.

8 O then the Millennium, the long wished for
 day,
 For which our great master has taught us to pray.
 Shall come and bring with it a kingdom below,
 When every nation to Jesus shall bow.

HYMN 160, Part 2d—8 & 7.

Mourning souls.

POOOR mourning souls, in deep distress
 Making sad lamentation,
 Find themselves lost in wickedness,
 And under condemnation ;
 While thunderbolts from Sinai's mount
 Do sound with loudest terror,
 And they as nought on God's account,
 Are drowned in grief and sorrow.

2 Ah ! wo is me that I was born,
 Or ever had beginning ;
 I would have had untimely birth,
 Or had no future being ;
 Or else had died when I was young,
 I might have been forgiven,
 I might, like babes with harmless tongues,
 Been praising God in heaven.

3 But here I am in deep distress,
 Most worn away with trouble ;
 Day after day I seek for peace,
 But find my sorrows double ;
 Saith Satan, fatal is your state,

Time past you might repented ;
But now you see it is too late,
So make yourself contented.

4 How can I live, how can I breathe,
Under this sore temptation,
Conclude my day of grace is o'er ?
Lord, hear my lamentation.
For I am weary of my life,
Of pains and bitter crying ;
My wants are great, my mind's in strait,
My spirit's almost dying.

5 But who is he that looketh forth,
Mild as the blooming morning,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun ?
'Tis Jesus Christ adorning.
Jesus can clothe my naked soul ;
Jesus for me hath died,
And now I can with pleasure sing,
My wants are all supplied.

HYMN 161, Part 2d—L. M.

The Christian's solace.

THERE is a heaven o'er yonder skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies,
A heaven I sometime hope to see,
But fear again 'tis not for me.
But Jesus, Jesus is my friend,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Jesus, Jesus is my friend.

2 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,
Or reach fair Canaan's happy land.
But Jesus, &c.

3 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.
For Jesus, &c.

4 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's thy Captain and thy King;
With pleasing smiles, he now looks down.
And cries, "Press on, and here's thy crown."
O Jesus, &c.

5 "Prove faithful, then, a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."
O Jesus, &c.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last joyful trump shall sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise.
And in my Saviour's image rise.
O Jesus, &c.

HYMN 162, Part 2d—L. M.

The rock.

WE'VE found the rock, the tru'llers' tried,
O Hulla, Hallehujah!

The stone that all the prophets tried;
O Hulla Hallehujah!

Come, children, drink the balmy dew,
O Hulla Hallehujah!

'Twas Christ that shed his blood for you,
O Hulla Hallehujah!

2 This costly mixture cures the soul,
Which sin and guilt had made so foul!
O that you would believe in God,
And wash in Christ's most precious blood.

3 O hearken, children, Christ is come,
The bride is ready, let us run;
I'm glad I ever saw the day,
That we might meet to praise and pray.

4 Here's glory, glory in my soul,
Come, mourner, feel the current roll;
Welcome, dear friends, it's known to-night,
It shines around with dazzling light.

5 And in this light we'll soar away,
Where there's no night, but open day;
O children, children, hear the cross,
And count the world below as dross.

HYMN 163.

6 We'll bear the cross, and wear the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down :
His grace will feed our hungry souls,
While love divine eternal rolls.

7 His fiery chariots make their way,
To welcome us to endless day ;
There glitt'ring millions we shall join,
To praise the Prince of David's line.

HYMN 163, Part 2d—11s. & 12s.

Invitation.

COME, brethren and sisters, that love my dear
Lord,
I pray give attention and hear to my word :
What a wonder of mercy ! behold, now I see
What a tender, kind Saviour has done for poor me.

2 I was led by the devil, till lost and distress'd,
I thought that in torments I soon should be cast,
No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 O sinner, said Jesus, for you I have died ;
All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied,
The guilt was removed, and I did rejoice,
The blood was applied, the witness, and voice.

4 On my low bended knees, before God I did fall,
All glory to Jesus, for he's all in all ;

The heart of this rebel was broken in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace upon
earth,

The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth;
Your sins are forgiven, my Saviour did say,
O witness, kind heaven, on this my birthday.

6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground,
The time of refreshing, at length I have found;
O Lord thou hast ravish'd my soul with charms,
Let me die now like Simeon, with Christ in my
arms.

HYMN 164, Part 2d—L. M.

A Hymn for young converts.

WHEN converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing;
Their theme is all redeeming love,
Fain would they be with Christ above.

2 With admiration they behold,
The love of Christ that can't be told;
They view themselves upon the shore,
And think the battle all is o'er.

3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are slain;
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is cast down to hell.

4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring;
Ring with melodious, joyful sound;
Because a prodigal is found.

5 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel;
They think their former hopes are vain,
For they are bound in Satan's chain.

6 The morning that did shine so bright,
Is turned to the shades of night;
Their hearts that did with music ring,
Are now untuned in ev'ry string.

7 O! foolish child, why didst thou boast
In the enlargement of thy coast?
Why didst thou think to fly away,
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay?

8 Come, take up arms, and face the field,
Come, gird on harness, sword, and shield;
Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,
And soon the vict'ry you shall win.

9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
Then meet him with these blessed lines;
For Christ, the Lord, has swept the field,
And we're determined not to yield.

HYMN 165, Part 2d—L. M.

Tranquility.

AWAY, my doubts, begone my fear,
The wonders of the Lord appear,

The wonders which my Saviour wrought,
O, how delightful is the thought!

2 The wonders of redeeming love,
When first my heart was drawn above,
When first I saw my Saviour's face,
And triumph'd in his pard'ning grace.

3 Pursue, my thoughts, this pleasing theme,
'Twas not a fancy, nor a dream ;
'Twas grace descending from the skies,
And shall be marv'lous in my eyes.

4 Long had I mourn'd like one forgot,
Long had my soul for comfort sought,
Jesus was witness to my tears,
And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears.

5 He cleans'd my soul, he chang'd my dress,
And cloth'd me with his righteousness ;
He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And I rejoic'd as if in heaven.

6 How was I struck with sweet surprise,
While glory shone before my eyes !
How did I sing from day to day,
And wish'd to sing my soul away !

7 The world with all its pomp withdrew,
'Twas less than nothing in my view ;
Redeeming grace was all my theme,
And life appear'd an idle dream.

8 I gloried in my Saviour's grace ;
 I sung my great Redeemer's praise,
 My soul now long'd to soar away,
 And leave her tenement of clay.

9 The powers of hell, in vain combin'd,
 To tempt or interrupt my mind,
 I saw and sung in joyful strains,
 The monster, Satan, held in chains.

10 These are the wonders I record,
 The marv'lous goodness of the Lord ;
 O for a tongue to speak his praise,
 To tell the triumphs of his grace.

HYMN 166, Part 2d—11s.

Song, by a young lady.

MY soul's full of glory, it fires my tongue,
 Could I meet with angels, I'd sing them a song;
 I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
 And call them to bear me to his loving arms.

2 Methinks they're assembling to hear what I sing,
 Well pleas'd to hear mortals all praising their King !
 O angels ! O angels ! my soul's in a flame,
 I sing in sweet raptures of Jesus's name.

3 Sweet Spirit attend me till Jesus come,
 Protect and defend me till I'm convey'd home,

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Though worms my poor body may claim as their
prey,
'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at noon-day.

4 The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd to
blood;

The world all on fire with the vengeance of God,
While lightnings are flashing, and thunders do roar,
Undaunted I'll triumph on fair Canaan's shore.

5 The smiles of bright glory appear on my soul,
I sink in bright visions, I view the bright goal;
My soul while I'm singing, is leaping to go;
This moment, for heaven, I'd leave all below.

6 Farewell, my dear brethren, the Lord bids me
come;

Farewell, my dear sisters, I'm now going home;
Bright angels are whispering so sweet in my ear,
Away to my Saviour, the spirit shall steer.

7 I'm going, I'm going, but what do I see?

'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me;
To heaven, to heaven, I'm going, I'm gone;
All glory, O glory! 'tis finish'd; 'tis done.

8 To the regions of glory, the Spirit has fled,
And left the frail body inactive and dead,
With angelic armies in glory to blaze,
On Jesus' fair beauty for ever to gaze.

1 When the seals are all open'd, the trumpet shall
 And awake God's dear children that sleep under
 Their sins and their bodies shall all join in one,
 And each from their Savior receive a bright crown.

HYMN 167, Part 2d—1s.

The converted thief.

JESUS Chist has power alone
 To subdue a stubborn stone;
 And the moment grace is felt,
 Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
 Two transgressors with him died;
 One, with vile, blasphemous tongue,
 Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
 In the very jaws of death;
 Perish'd as too many do,
 Without a Saviour in their view.

4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
 Saw the danger of his race,
 Faith received to own his Lord,
 Whom the scribes and pharisees abhorr'd.

5 Lord, he pray'd, remember me,
 When in glory thou shalt be;

Soon with me, the Lord replies,
Thou shalt be in Paradise.

6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace vouchsafed in time of need;
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You will find him still the same.

7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the harden'd thief!
If the gospel you disdain,
Christ to you has died in vain.

HYMN 163, Part 2d—C. M.

In me ye shall have peace.

YE saints attend the Saviour's voice,
Spoke in his word of grace;
He says, and in it O rejoice!
In me ye shall have peace.

2 Though storms and tempests round you roar,
And foes and fears increase;
He says, and what could he say more?
In me ye shall have peace.

3 What though afflictions still abound,
Nor do temptations cease?
He says, and O how sweet the sound!
In me ye shall have peace.

HYMN 169.

4 What though your hearts with sorrow bleed,
And sighs and tears increase;
He says, and O 'tis true indeed!
In me ye shall have peace.

5 What though corruptions dwell within,
Nor does the conflict cease?
He says, in spite of hell and sin,
In me ye shall have peace.

6 Tho' you shall pass thro' death's cold flood,
To gain your wish'd release;
He says, and sure he'll make it good,
In me ye shall have peace.

7 When you his face in glory view,
Where joy can ne'er decrease;
Eternity shall prove it true,
In him ye shall have peace.

HYMN 169, Part 2d—C. M.

Fellowship with God.

FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
In all the paths thou'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes and thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

4 Not health, nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delight or comfort show,
As fellowship with God.

5 When I am made in love, to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind, the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

6 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
Or dark desertion's road ;
I'm happy, if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

7 So, when the icy hand of death,
Shall chill my flowing blood ;
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

8 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain my bless'd abode,
There an eternity I'll spend,
In fellowship with God.

HYMN 170, Part 2d—8. & 7.

Finished redemption.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy,
 Sounds aloud from Calvary !
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.
 "It is finish'd ! It is finish'd !"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry !

2 "It is finish'd !" O, what pleasure,
 Do these charming words afford ;
 Heavenly blessings without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ, the Lord.
 "It is finish'd ! It is finish'd !"
 Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows,
 Of the prophesying law !
 Finish'd all that God has promised !
 Death and hell no more shall awe.
 "It is finish'd ! It is finish'd !"
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 [Happy souls, approach the table,
 Taste the soul-reviving food ;
 Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
 As the Saviour's flesh and blood,
 "It is finish'd ! It is finish'd !"
 Christ has borne the heavy load.]

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasant theme ;

All on earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Emmanuel's name.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN 171, Part 2d—C. M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

- JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Q how I long for thee!
 When will my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
 Most glorious to behold;
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,
 My study long have been!
 Such sparkling light by human sight,
 Has never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence?
 What folly 'tis, that I should dread
 To die, and go from hence.
- 5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
 And cause me to ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And solemnity never end.

6 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care ;
And if I here no more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 There we shall meet and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise,
While Jesus' love in every heart,
Shall tune the song, Free Grace.

9 Millions of years around may run,
Our song shall still increase,
To praise the Father and the Son,
Who brought us home to bliss.

10 When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

HYMN 172, Part 2d—C. M.

*Souls won by the Spirit of Christ should never be
parted by their different principles.*

THE world from Christians are apart ;
But shall it e'er be said,
'Mong those whom God has join'd in heart,
Are separations made ?

2 They're all of one eternal band,
And with one Father bless'd,
All led by the Redeemer's hand,
To the same joy and rest.

3 Why then should circumstantial mar
That union so divine ;
Or non-essentials ever bar
Those whom they cannot join ?

4 No forms or tenets can unite,
Or bring the soul to heaven ;
Then for them let no Christian fight,
Where God has all forgiven.

5 O God, subdue these cruel jars,
With thy cementing grace ;
Nor let the devil hold up bars,
Among the heaven-born race.

6 O give us that transforming flame,
Of the immortal Dove,
That those who bear thy lovely name,
May all contend for love.

HYMN 173, Part 2d—L. M.

Shouting God's praise.

O GOD, my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name,
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice ;

Then will I shout, then will I sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring;
I'll sing and shout for evermore
On that eternal happy shore.

2 O Jesus, hope of glory, come,
And make my heart thy humble home;
For the short remnant of my days,
I long to sing and shout thy praise;
Lord, give me now a heart to pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day:
For to give thanks in ev'ry thing.
To sing and shout, and shout and sing.

3 When on my dying bed I lay,
Lord, give me strength to shout and pray,
And praise thee with my latest breath,
Until my voice is lost in death;
Then sisters, brothers, shouting come,
My body follow to the tomb;
And as you march that solemn road,
Sing loud, and shout the praise of God.

4 Then you below, and I above,
We'll sing and shout the God we love,
Until that great and solemn day,
When Christ shall call our slumb'ring clay;
Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
And shout, O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy vict'ry?
We'll shout in vast eternity.

5 Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize,
Then will the Ruler of the skies,
With smiling, to his children say,
Come, reign with me in endless day:
Then on that happy, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout for evermore;
We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
And make all heaven with praises ring.

HYMN 174, Part 2d—L. M.

Him.

JOIN all, who love the Saviour's name,
And sing his everlasting fame;
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In Him for ever to rejoice.

2 Of Him, what wondrous things are told!
In Him what glory I behold!
For Him I gladly all things leave;
To Him, my soul for ever cleave.

3 In Him my treasure's all contain'd;
By Him, my feeble soul's sustain'd;
From Him, I all things now receive;
Through Him my soul does daily live.

4 With Him, I daily love to walk;
Of Him, my soul delights to talk;
On Him, I cast my daily care:
Like Him, one day shall I appear.

5 Bless Him, my soul, from day to day;
 Trust Him to bring thee on the way;
 Give Him, thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
 With Him, O never, never part.

6 Take Him, for strength and righteousness;
 Make Him, thy refuge in distress;
 Love Him, above all earthly joy,
 And Him, in ev'ry thing employ.

7 Praise Him, in grateful, cheerful songs,
 To Him, your highest praise belongs,
 Bless Him, who does your heaven prepare,
 And Him, you'll praise forever there.

HYMN 175, Part 2d—C. M.

The Evangelist's Farewell.

KINDRED, and friends, and native land,
 How shall we say farewell?
 How, when our swelling sails expand,
 How will our bosoms swell!

2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights
 And tender ties, we know;
 But love more strong than death, unites
 To him that bids us go.

3 Thus, when our ev'ry passions moved,
 The gushing tear-drop starts;
 The cause of Jesus, most beloved
 Shall glow within our hearts.

4 The sighs we breathe for precious souls,
Where he is yet unknown,
Might waft us to the distant poles,
Or to the burning zone.

5 With the warm wish, our bosoms swell,
Our glowing powers expand;
Farewell, then we can say farewell,
Our friends, our native land!

HYMN 176, Part 2d—C. M.

The Christian's farewell.

FAREWELL, my brethren, all farewell,
I leave you with the Lord;
O may you shun the paths of hell,
By cleaving to his word.

2 You are most near and dear to me,
I have you in my heart;
Yet the best friends must sever'd be,
So you and I must part.

3 Although I leave you for awhile,
I'll meet you once again;
And if it be not in this world,
'Twill be on Canaan's plains.

4 My counsel unto you I give,
That you do all stand fast,
In the sweet doctrine you've received,
Of being saved by grace.

5 In holiness of life and word,
And evidence of this,
Walk in the road the Lord hath said,
And you shall never miss.

6 And let your hab'liments be these,
Faith, hope, and charity,
Also a heavenly garment is,
The soft and bless'd humility.

7 And for the sword the word of God,
With the helmet of salvation;
Then do not fear, but persevere
To heaven your habitation.

HYMN 177, Part 2d—8s.

Composed by George Whitefield.

A H! lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair;
Not all the gay pageants on earth,
Can with this dead body compare!
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled,
In love with that beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How bless'd is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind,
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!

Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

3 His heart is afflicted no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain,
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again ;
No anger, henceforward, or shame
Shall redden this innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
The passions are vanished away,

4 His languishing head is at rest,
Its aching and thinking are o'er ;
This quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more !
His heart is no longer the seat
Of sickness and torturing pain ;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

5 His eyes he so seldom could close,
(By sorrow forbidden to sleep,)
Seal'd up in a lengthy repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep,
Those fountains can yield no supplies,
Whose hollows, from waters are free,
The tears are all wiped from his eyes,
And evil he never shall see.

6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in this prison of earth ;
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death,
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I, this moment become !
 My spirit, created anew,
 My flesh be consigned to the tomb !

HYMN 178, Part 2d—8. & 6.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shall
 come

To call thy ransom'd people home,
 Shall I among them stand ?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand ?

2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious throne to bow,
 Though weakest of them all ;
 But can I bear the piercing thought,
 To have my worthless name left out,
 When thou for them shalt call ?

3 Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace !
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
 In that expected day :
 Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
 To still each unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

1 Let me among thy saints be found,
 Whene'er th' archangels' trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face;
 Then loud, through all the crowd, I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
 With shouts of boundless grace.

HYMN 179, Part 2d—L. M.

The Christian and the Cross.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Who lives by angels now adored;
 That Jesus who once died for me,
 Who bore my sins in agony.

2 I'm not ashamed to own his laws,
 Nor to defend his noble cause,
 The way he's gone, is lined with blood,
 O may I tread the steps he trod.

3 I'm not ashamed his name to bear,
 With those who his disciples were;
 Christian, sweet name! its worth I view,
 O may I wear the nature too.

4 I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,
 For which I count all things but dross;
 Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,
 When Christ commands, I will obey.

5 I'm not ashamed to be despised,
 By those who ne'er religion prized:

Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,
For all that men can say or do.

6 This world's vain honors will I shun,
The narrow way to life I'll run;
That this at last my boast may be,
My Saviour's not ashamed of me.

HYMN 180, Part 2d—H. M.

The Christian salutation.

PEACE be unto this house,
The Son of Peace draw near;
But has thy Master's Son
A tabernacle here?
If so, then I will here remain,
If not; adieu, I'll go again.

2 My Master sent me here,
His Son a bride to find,
If to him you appear,
If to him you are kind;
If so, come, go with me to-day,
If not, I'll go another way.

3 Lord, send thy Spirit forth,
Incline the heart also;
Lord, grant Rebecca's voice,
"I with the man will go;"
'Twould make thy servants all rejoice,
To hear one speak with such a voice.

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HYMN 181, Part 2d—10 & 8.

The impartial song.

THE great God of love has shown us the way,
 And taught us the impartial song;
 The spirit is come, and the work has begun,
 And we are all united in one.

2 Now sin begins to die, grace gains the victory
 And pride falls a prey to the ground;
 We lift up our heads as we rise from the dead,
 And the glory of God shines around.

3 Salvation we see for all is most free,
 The members of Christ are all one
 We'll march uniform, and with courage face the
 In the battle our Saviour's begun. [storm,

4 United in one, the race we will run,
 Press forward by faith without fear;
 Such glory pursue, as the world never knew,
 Never will till the gospel they hear.

5 The reprover of sin hath shown us the way,
 The Comforter leads us along;
 The book is unseal'd, Judah's Lion takes the field,
 As he learns us the impartial song.

6 Now let us be true, our journey pursue,
 Tow'd heav'n our glorious home;
 Press on by the word, Christus is left on record,
 Singing glory to Jesus—Amen.

HYMN 182, Part 2d—8 & 6.

The Christian Uniform.

DRESS'D uniform, Christ's soldiers are
 When duty calls abroad ;
 Not purchased by their cost or care,
 But by their Prince bestowed ;
 Christ's soldiers eat the bread of God,
 Wear regimental dress ;
 Heavenly white and faced with red,
 Is Christ our righteousness.

2 No art of man can weave this robe,
 'Tis of such mixture fine,
 Nor could the worth of all the globe
 By purchase make it mine :
 'Tis of one piece and wove throughout,
 So curiously that none
 Can dress up in this uniform,
 Till Jesus puts it on.

3 The vesture never waxes old,
 No spot thereon can fall ;
 It makes the soldier strong and bold,
 And dutiful withal.
 Lord, dress me in this robe each day,
 And it shall hide my shame ;
 Shall make me fight 'gainst sin, and pray,
 And bless my Captain's name.

4 How firm and bold Christ's soldiers are,
 When dressed up in this robe ;

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 From

They look like men equipped for war,
 Or like the sons of God;
 Their shield is faith, their helmet, hope,
 And thus they march Christ's road,
 Christ's spirit is their glitt'ring sword,
 They act their part for God.

HYMN 183, Part 2d—S. M.

Penitence.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief,
 Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

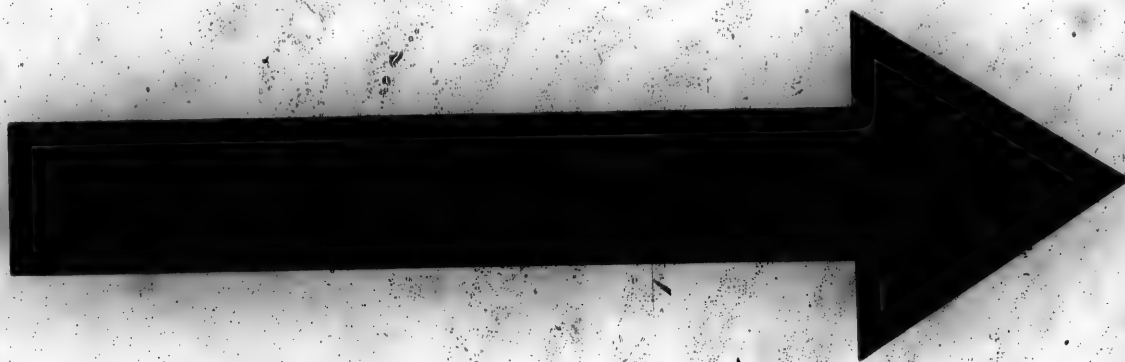
2 The Son of God in tears,
 Angels with wonder see!
 Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee!

3 He wept that we might weep,
 Each sin demands a tear;
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

HYMN 184, Part 2d—11s.

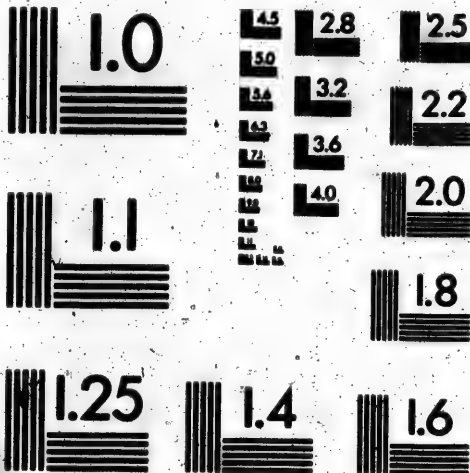
The bower of Prayer.

TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to
 part,
 And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart,
 Like the thought of absenting myself for a day,
 From that bless'd retreat where I've chosen to pray.



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2 Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar
have spread,

And woven their branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the ever-green there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.

3 The early, shrill notes of a loved nightingale,
That dwelt in the bower; I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfum'd by the
The ivy, the balsam, and wild egplantine; [pine,
But sweeter, O sweeter superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deigned to meet,
And bless with his presence my humble retreat,
Oft fill'd me with raptures and blessedness there,
Inditing, in heaven's own language, my prayer.

6 Dear bower I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotion in parts that are new,
Well knowing my Saviour resides ev'ry where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

7 Although I shall never revisit the shade,
But oft shall I think of the vows I have made,
And while at a distance, my mind will repair,
To the place where my Saviour first answer'd my
prayer.

HYMN 185, Part 2d—H. M.

Dedicatory Hymn.

TO God who built the sky,
Who form'd the earth and sea,
Who bade the comets fly,
And order'd by decree,
The planets in their course to run,
And order keep till time is done.

2 To thee, thou God of might,
Our humble songs we raise,
With angels robed in light,
We tune our hearts to praise,
Creation's God and nature's King—
Accept the sacrifice we bring.

3 O let thy Spirit shine,
Upon this chosen place;
And in thy light divine,
Reveal the way of grace:
Teach us to know thy righteous will,
That we thy precepts may fulfil.

4 Here, oft within these walls,
Thy presence, Lord, reveal;
And to the gospel calls
Affix thy sacred seal;
Make truth to reach the sinner's heart,
And to thy saints new strength impart.

5 Here may the poor be fed,
All who thy grace would prove,

Partake of living bread,
Which comes from heaven above.
Here may the sick a balsam find,
To cure the anguish of the mind.

6 Here may the weary soul,
With guilt and fear oppress'd,
Partake of blessings full,
And find the promis'd rest.
Cause trembling souls to lose their fear,
The dumb to speak; the deaf to hear.

7 Our off'ring, Lord, is thine,
This house was built for thee ;
O make thy presence shine
On it continually :
Within these walls display thy grace,
And sanctify this chosen place.

HYMN 186, Part 2d—C. M.

Another.

LORD of eternal truth divine,
Of heaven, and earth, and sea ;
Descend, and own this house of thine,
We dedicate to thee.

2 Here let thy glory, like a cloud,
Descend and fill the place ;
And look with mercy on the crowd,
Who wait before thy face.

- 3 The heaven of heavens cannot contain
The God whom we adore ;
Yet he descends and dwells with men,
By his Almighty power.
- 4 Lord, here we meet to preach and pray,
And hear, and think, and sing,
And consecrate this house to-day,
A temple to our King.
- 5 Here let thy servants boldly stand,
And here the gospel teach,
And diff'rent orders in the land,
May here collect and preach.
- 6 Here let thy saints of ev'ry name,
Forget their party zeal ;
The deaf, and dumb, and blind, and lame,
May here salvation feel.
- 7 O bless the men of lib'ral heart,
Whose treasures have been given,
To build the house we set apart,
And consecrate to heaven.
- 8 May they have blessings more divine,
A treasure in the skies,
When sun and moon forbear to shine,
And old creation dies.
- 9 Let peace and glory be the lot,
Of all assembled here ;

And angels guard the holy spot
And house, from year to year.

10 Till time shall sweep the present age,
To mingle with their dust ;
And children's children fill the stage,
Now occupied by us.

HYMN 187, Part 2d—S. M.

The love of Jesus.

MY Jesus, thou hast taught
This heart to love but thee ;
The sweetest joys below are fraught
With emptiness to me.

2 If sorrow shades my eyes,
It is when thou art fled ;
Deep in the dust my spirit lies,
And mourns its comforts dead.

3 The world has lost its power
To soothe this inward pain ;
To me it is a faded flower,
That cannot bloom again.

4 But when thy smile appears,
To chase my gloom away,
How bursts my song ; how sink my fears ;
My night is turn'd to day.

HYMN 188.

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5 Then, Lord, no more permit
This heart from thee to rove;
O that I might forever sit
At thy dear feet, and love.

HYMN 188, Part 2d—7s.

" Lovest thou me ?"

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Sayiour, hear his word,
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee!
" Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?

2 I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

2 " Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare;
Yes she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath
Free and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore ;
O for grace to love thee more!

HYMN 189, Part 2d—S. M.

Now the accepted Time.

NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay ?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

HYMN 190, Part 2d—C. M.

God's gracious Call to Sinners.

RETURN, O wanderer—now return !
And seek thy Father's face !
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer—now return !
He hears thy humble sigh :

He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer—now return !
Thy Saviour bids thee live :
Come to his feet—and grateful learn,
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer—now return !
And wipe the falling tear :
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn !
'Tis love invites thee near.

HYMN 191, Part 2d—L. M.

To prepare for worship.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm each mind,
And fit us to approach our God ;
Remove each vain each worldly thought,
And lead us to thy bless'd abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to our souls
A living spark of holy fire ?
Oh ! kindle now the sacred flame ;
Make us to burn with pure desire.

3 Still brighter faith and hope impart,
And let us now our Saviour see :
Oh ! sooth and cheer each burden'd heart.
And bid our spirits rest in thee.

HYMN 192, Part 2d—C. M.

GREAT Father of each perfect gift
Behold thy servants wait ;
With longing eyes—and lifted hands,
We flock around thy gate.

2 O shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Bless'd earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven ;
And bear with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

HYMN 193, Part 2d—L. M.

Prayer for the return of the Spirit.

LORD, in the temples of thy grace
Thy saints behold thy smiling face ;
Here have we seen thy glory shine
With power and majesty divine.

2 Return, O Lord, our spirits cry ;
Our graces droop ; our comforts die ;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes ;

3 Till, fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,

Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
Till heaven and earth resound with praise.

HYMN 194, Part 2d—L. M.

Divine influence compared to rain.

THE dews and rains, in all their store,
Watering the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

2 As in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers;
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

3 That heav'nly influence let us find
In holy silence of the mind,
While ev'ry grace maintains its bloom
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

4 Nor let these blessings be confined
To us, but pour'd on all mankind:
Till earth's wide wastes in verdure rise
And a new Eden bless our eyes.

HYMN 195, Part 2d—C. M.

Prayer for Divine help.

OH help us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heav'nly succor give;
Help us in thought, in word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead
Oh help us, Lord, the more.

3 Oh help us through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 Oh help us, Father, from on high,
We know no help but thee;
Oh help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

HYMN 196, Part 2d—11s.

I would not live always.

I WOULD not live always, I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
cheer.

2 I would not live always thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live always: no—welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:

HYMN 197.

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There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who would live always, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll.
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

HYMN 197, Part 2d—8 & 7.

Christian Fellowship and Union.

COME, my Christian friends and brethren
Bound for Canaan's happy land,
Come unite and walk together,
Christ the Saviour gives command.

2 Lay aside this party spirit,
Slight your Christian friends no more,
Come unite and bliss inherit,
Zion's peace again restore.

3 We'll not bind our brother's conscience,
This to God alone is free,
Nor contend for non-essentials,
But in Christ united be.

4 Here's the word, the grand criterion,
This shall all our doctrine prove ;
Christ the centre of our union,
And the bond is Christian love.

5 Here's my hand, my heart and spirit,
Now in fellowship I give ;
Now we'll love, and peace inherit,
Show the world how Christians live.

6 Now we'll preach and pray together,
Praise, give thanks, and shout, and sing ;
Now we'll strengthen one another,
And adore our heavenly King.

7 Now we'll join in sweet communion,
Round the table of our Lord ;
Lord confirm our Christian union,
By thy spirit and thy word.

8 Now the world will be constrained
To believe in Christ our King ;
Thousands, thousands be converted,
Round the earth his praises ring.

9 Happy day ! O joyful hour,
Thank the Lord, his name we bless ;
Send thy word, my Lord, with power,
Fill the world with righteousness.

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HYMN 198, Part 2d—11s.

The Harvest, or end of the world.

THE fields are all white, the harvest is near,
The angels all with their sharp sickles appear!
To reap down the wheat and gather it in barns,
While the wild plants of nature are left for to burn.

2 Come then, O my soul, meditate on that day,
When all things in nature shall cease and decay;
When the trumpet shall sound, the angels appear
To reap down the earth both the wheat and the tare.

3 But hear the sad cry ascend up to the sky,
Of those in distress that have no where to fly!
They'll call for the rocks and the mountains to fall
On their wretched souls for to hide them withal.

4 But 'twill all be in vain, the mountains will flee,
The rocks fly like hailstones, and shall no more be;
The earth it shall quake, and the seas shall retire,
And the solid world then shall be all on fire.

5 But hear the great Judge in that dread alarm,
Saying "Gather my saints, bring them all to my
arms, [on those,
"That the seven last plagues may be pour'd out
"Who have blasphem'd my name, and my saints
have oppos'd."

6 Then, O wretched sinners, look up and espy
The glorious Redeemer march down from the sky!

In a chariot of fire to earth he is bound,
With a guard of angels attending him down.

7 Come hither ye nations, your sentence receive,
No longer my Spirit shall strive and be griev'd ;
My sentence is right, and my judgment is just,
Come hither ye blest, but depart all ye curs't.

8 O sinners, take warning, and seek ye the Lord,
I have not been jesting, 'tis Jesus' own word,
That those who believe in bright glory shall stand,
While all unbelievers are sure to be damn'd.

9 Now farewell, I leave you to ponder your way,
May the Lord seal instruction from what I now say;
That our souls to God's throne may be pour'd out
in pray'r,
And we be prepar'd to meet Christ in the air.

HYMN 199, Part 2d—L. M.

At Dismission.

DISMISS us with thy blessing Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word !
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN 200, 201.

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HYMN 200, Part 2d — S. M.

Before immersion.

MINISTERS AND ELDERS.

CHOOSE ye his cross to bear
Who bowed to Jordan's wave?
Clad in his armour, will ye dare,
In faith, a wat'ry grave?

CANDIDATES.

2 We love his holy word;
His precepts we obey;
Buried in baptism with our Lord
We seek to be this day.

CHOIR.

3 All hail! ye blessed band!
Shrink not to do his will;
In deep humility this work
Of righteousness fulfil.

4 Tread in the Saviour's steps;
Invoke his spirit free;
And as he ope'd the gates of death
So may your rising be.

HYMN 201, Part 2d—L. M.

The wanderer.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injur'd Father's face!
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And seek a Father's melting heart !
 His pitying eyes thy grief discern ;
 His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return !
 He heard thy deep repentant sigh ;
 He heard thy soften'd spirit mourn
 When no intruding ear was nigh.

4 Return, O wanderer, return !
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;
 Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
 How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And cast away thy slavish fear
 'Tis God who says, " No longer mourn ;"
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

6 Return, O wanderer, return !
 Regain thy lost, lamented rest ;
 Jehovah's melting bowels yearn
 To clasp his Ephraim to his breast.

HYMN 202, Part 2d—C. M.

Solitude.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

HYMN 203, Part 2d—P. M.

God is Love.

COME let us all unite to sing,
God is love;
While heaven and earth their praises ring,
God is love.
Let every soul from sin awake,
His harp now from the willow take,
And sing with us for Jesus' sake,
God is love; God is love.

2 Go tell to earth's remotest bounds,
God is love ;
In Christ we have redemption found,
God is love :
His blood has wash'd our sins away ;
His Spirit turn'd our night to day ;
And now we can rejoice to say,
God is love ; God is love.

3 How happy is our portion here !
God is love ;
His promises our spirits cheer,
God is love :
He is our sun and shield by day,
By night he near our tent will stay,
He will be with us all the way,
God is love ; God is love.

4 What tho' my heart and flesh should fail,
God is love ;
Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail,
God is love :
In Jordan's swells I will not fear,
My Jesus will be with me there,
My head above the waves he'll bear,
God is love ; God is love.

5 In Canaan's land I'll sing again,
God is love ;
And this shall be my sweetest strain,
God is love :

While endless ages roll along,
 I'll triumph with the shining throng,
 And this shall be our sweetest song,
 God is love ; God is love.

HYMN 204, Part 2d—6 & 9.

The happy pilgrim's song.

COME away to the skies,
 My beloved arise,
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born,
 On the festival day,
 Come exulting away,
 And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love,
 And our treasure above,
 Though our bodies continue below ;
 The redeem'd of the Lord,
 We remember his word,
 And with singing to Paradise go.

3 With singing we praise
 The original grace,
 By our heavenly Father bestow'd ;
 Our being receive
 From his bounty, and live
 To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we were
 Created to share
 Both the nature and kingdom divine

Created again
That our souls may remain,
In time and eternity thine.

5 In assurance of hope,
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner's unfurl'd in the air,
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out it is he,
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HYMN 205, Part 2d—C. M.

O that I were as in months past.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail,
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;

And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

5 Then to the saints I often spoke,
Of what his love had done ;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now when the evening shade prevail,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face ;
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey,
Yet Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

HYMN 206, Part 2d—L. M.

A call to Sinners.

SINNERS arise, the Saviour's come,
And bleeds for wretched souls like you,
His mercy calls the rebels home,
Forgives their sins, and loves them too.

2 Come to the feast without delay,
Before the gospel-call is o'er,

Embrace the blessed Lord to-day,
Lest he should go and call no more.

3 Ten thousand souls have enter'd in,
And found a feast of love divine;
Come then poor souls, with all your sins,
And the Redeemer will be thine.

4 Those happy souls who're gone before,
Were once in sin as vile as you;
O doubt the Saviour's love no more,
But come and taste his goodness too.

HYMN 207, Part 2d—L. M.

Trusting in God.

WHILE I to grief my soul gave way
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

2 "Though for a time I hide my face,
Rely upon my love and power:
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

3 "Take down thy long-neglected harp;
I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer.
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

- 4 Lord, I obey—my hopes revive.
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing.
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

HYMN 208, Part 2d—C. M.

The word of God the only rule for Christians.

- T**HY word, O Lord, directs the saints,
The path that leads to heaven ;
Revives the soul that almost faints,
And shows their sins forgiven.
- 2 It shines on Error's gloomy night,
Removes the mists away,
And sheds the beams of heavenly light,
Creates the rising day.
- 3 There shines the richest grace display'd,
Descending through thy Son ;
It is a firm foundation laid
To build our faith upon.
- 4 It is the standard which we bear,
The rule we would obey ;
We find the truth of Jesus there ;
"The new and living way."
- 5 'Tis there we find the Christian name ;
We there unite in love ;
The Lord our King, we all proclaim,
Who rules the worlds above.

6 With thanks, my soul, this plan embrace,
Where rising glories dwell;
And as ye run the heavenly race,
His praises ever swell.

HYMN 209, Part 2d—C. M.

Jesus Christ our Lord both theirs and ours.

SWEET are the gifts which gracious heav'n
On true believers pours;
But the best gift is grace to know
That Jesus Christ is ours.

2 Our Jesus! what rich drops of bliss
Descend in copious show'rs,
When ruin'd sinners, such as we,
By faith can call him ours.

3 Differ we may in age and state,
Learning and mental pow'rs;
But all the saints may join and shout,
Dear Jesus! thou art ours.

4 Those who know our Jesus not,
In earth's gay flow'rs,
We are living in our better lot,
Rejoice that he is ours.

5 When hope with elevated flight,
Tow'rd heaven in rapture tow'rs;
'Tis this supports our vent'rous wing,
We know that Christ is ours.

HYMN 210.

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Tho' providence with dark'ning sky,
On things terrestrial lours,
We rise superior to the gloom,
When singing Christ is ours.

7 Time, which the world with all its joys
With eager hate devours,
May take inferior things away,
• But Jesus still is ours.

8 Haste then, dull time, and terminate
Thy slow revolving hours;
We wish, we pray, we long, we pant,
In heav'n to call him ours.

HYMN 210, Part 2d—C. M.

Our bodies frail, and God our preserver.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear!
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone;
Strange that a harp of thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

HYMN 211, Part 2d—C. M.

The death and burial of a saint.

WHY do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why would we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
 And showd' our feet the way :
 Up to the Lord our souls shall fly
 At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise :
 Awake ye nations under ground :
 Ye saints ascend the skies.

HYMN 212. Part 2d—11 & 8.

The White Pilgrim.

I CAME to the spot where the White Pilgrim lay,
 And pensively stood by the tomb.
 When in a low whisper, I heard something say,
 How sweetly I sleep here alone.

2 The tempests may howl, and loud thunders roll,
 And gathering storms may arise,
 Yet calm are my feelings at rest is my soul,
 The tears are all wip'd from my eyes.

3 The cause of my Master propelled me from
 I bid my companion farewell ; [home,
 I left my poor children, who for me now mourn,
 In far distant regions to dwell.

4 I wandered a stranger, an alien below,
 To publish salvation abroad,
 The trump of the gospel endeavour'd to blow,
 Inviting poor sinners to God.

- 5 But when among strangers and far from my home,
 No kin nor relation was nigh,
 I met the contagion and sunk in the tomb,
 My spirit to mansions on high.
- 6 Go tell my companion, and children most dear,
 'To weep not for Joseph though gone ;
 The same hand that led me through scenes dark
 and drear,
 Has kindly assisted me home.

HYMN 213, Part 2d—L. M.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

WHY should we start and fear to die ?
 What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away :
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch her wings and haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 214, Part 2d—C. M.

God my only happiness.

WHAT empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

2 [In vain the bright the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light,
'Tis thy sweet beams creates my noon ;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

3 And while upon my restless bed
Among the shades I roll,
If my redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]

4 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health and safe abode ;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

5 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee !
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me ?

6 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own ;

Without thy graces and thyself,
I werè a wretch undone.

7 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN 215, Part 2d—8 & 7.

My soul's Experience.

I'LL sing a song which doth belong
To all the people round me ;
I'll spread the fame of Jèsu's name,
And tell how Jesus found me.
'Twas in distress and wickedness,
These words he spake unto me :
" O sinner come, in me there's room ;"
O how these words ran through me !

2 I was like Paul, who was call'd Saul,
In bitter persecution :
I did disdain being born again,
I call'd it a delusion.
I fought the saints without restraint,
Too proud to cry for mercy ;
Conviction strong did come along ;
O how these things did pierce me !

3 I did not know which way to go,
My sins were like a mountain ;
And fill'd with wo, the tears did flow,

My head was like a fountain.
 I thought I'd been so long in sin,
 I could not be forgiven;
 Then Jesus came, O bless his name!
 And fill'd my soul with heaven.

4 I raised my voice and did rejoice,
 Sang glory, glory, glory;
 Then I did learn Jesus was mine;
 O what a pleasing story!
 I love the Lord, I love his word,
 I love all those around me;
 Then, brethren dear, don't it appear,
 That Jesus Christ has found me?

HYMN 216, Part 2d—7 & 6.

The convert's song.

THE glorious light of Zion
 Is spreading far and wide,
 And sinners they are coming
 Into the gospel tide;
 The standard of King Jesus
 In glorious triumph raise,
 And sinners they are coming
 With joy and sweet surprise.

2 The suff'rings of our Saviour
 Upon mount Calvary,
 Are sounding sweet to sinners,
 Come, this will set you free,
 And while this glorious message

HYMN 216.

Is circulating round,
Some souls exposed to ruin
Redeeming grace have found.

3 And of this happy number
I hope that I am one,
And Jesus he will finish
The work he has begun !
He'll cut it short in righteousness,
And I for ever be
A monument of mercy
To all eternity.

4 I am but a young convert,
Who lately did enlist,
A soldier unto Jesus,
Our Captain, King, and Priest :
I have received my bounty,
Likewise my martial dress,
A ring of love and favour,
A robe of righteousness.

5 'Tis down unto the water
That we young converts go,
To serve our Lord and Master
In righteous acts below ;
We lay our sinful bodies
Beneath the yielding wave,
In likeness of our Saviour,
As he lay in his grave.

HYMN 217.

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6 Come all my elder brethren,
 Who're soldiers of the cross,
 Who for the sake of Jesus,
 Have counted all things dross;
 Come pray for us young converts,
 That we may travel on,
 And meet you all in glory,
 Where our Redeemer's gone.

HYMN 217, Part 2d—5 & 6.

The happy Saints.

0 TELL me no more
 Of this world's vain store,
 The time for such trifles
 With me now is o'er.

2 A city I've found,
 Where true joys abound;
 To dwell I'm determined
 On this happy ground.

3 My soul, don't delay,
 He calls thee away,
 Rise, follow thy Saviour,
 And bless the glad day.

4 No mortal doth know
 What Christ can bestow;
 What light, strength, and comforts,
 Go after him, go.

5 Lo, onward I move
 To a city above,
 None knowing how wondrous
 My journey will prove.

6 Great spoils I shall win
 From death, hell, and sin,
 'Mid outward afflictions
 Shall feel Christ within.

7 And when I'm to die,
 Receive me, I'll cry,
 For Jesus doth love me,
 I cannot tell why.

8 But this I do find,
 We two are so join'd,
 He'll not live in glory
 And leave me behind.

HYMN 218, Part 2d—C. M.

The loveliness of brethren dwelling in unity.

WHEN Christians all in friendship meet,
 And in their Lord agree;
 They feel the love of Jesus sweet,
 In bonds of unity.

2 They then forget their party zeal,
 And all divisions cease;
 The law of God they would fulfil,
 And ever dwell in peace.

3 Like lambs or doves, they peaceful rest,
And no contentions there ;
And all of Jesus' mind possess,
His lovely image bear.

4 O could we see them joined in one
How would our rapture rise ;
We would proclaim the work is done,
And dry our weeping eyes.

5 O Lord, send down thy heavenly love ;
Give every soul the flame ;
And all professions quickly move
To union in thy name.

HYMN 219, Part 2d—C. M.

The goodness of God.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food ;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord,
 How slow thine anger moves !
 But soon he sends his pard'ning word
 To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
 Thy power and praise proclaim ;
 But saints that taste thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless thy name.

HYMN 220, Part 2d—7 & 6.

The Heathen's Request.

FAR, far o'er eastern mountains,
 Where nature's beauties spread,
 And streams from forest fountains
 Flow down to ocean's bed ;
 Beneath the summer's sunny skies,
 Where shaded palm-groves bloom,
 And orange with the lime-tree vies
 In shedding rich perfume,

2 A voice is heard, like tempest loud—
 That fell'd some lofty tree,
 Or sudden blast from passing cloud
 Of heaven's artillery :
 'Tis heathen nations rending
 The air with sorrow's wail,
 Their eager eyes still bending,
 Celestial light to hail.

HYMN 221.

315

3 Have you the boon of Heaven ?
 These sun-burnt heathens say,
 That was in mercy given
 To guide our lonely way ;
 We're wand'ers—lost in starless night,
 Without one cheering ray ;
 Send to our gloomy lands the light
 Of everlasting day.

4 Yes, heathens, here, out-beaming,
 God's truth shines strong and free,
 And soon its radiance, gleaming,
 Your wond'ring eyes shall see :—
 Soon, beauteous on your mountains,
 Shall gospel heralds stand,
 And Zion's richest fountains
 Stream gladness through your land.

HYMN 221, Part 2d—L. M.

The Penitent.

PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
 Who would believe thy gracious word ;
 But own my heart, with shame and grief,
 A mass of sin and unbelief.

2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room :
 And vent'ring hard, behold I come ;
 But can there, tell me, can there be
 Among thy children room for me ?

3 For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed ;
 And I'm a sinner vile indeed !
 Lord, I believe thy grace is free ;
 O, magnify that grace in me.

HYMN 222, Part 2d—L. M.

The sinner's complaint and confession.

O WHAT a harden'd wretch am I !
 Will nothing melt my harden'd mind ?
 I hear that Christ is passing by,
 But see him not, for I am blind.

2 His bowels, yearn o'er wretched men,
 And I am call'd to taste his love ;
 And yet my heart so hard in sin,
 I neither feel, nor melt, nor move.

3 Long has he waited at my door,
 And I a wretch as long despis'd ;
 And now if he should call no more,
 In endless death I close my eyes.

4 And yet how careless am I still,
 Surrounded with important scenes ;
 O Jesus, turn my rapid will,
 Remove my guilt, and break my chains.

HYMN 223, Part 2d—L. M.

A reproof of the worldling.

H EAR, O ye starving worldlings, hear,
 Your days are short, your doom is near ;

HYMN 224.

317

Soon you must quit this mortal shore,
And all your gods shall be no more.

2 Although you dream that all is well,
You're gliding down the road to hell;
And while you're musing in your dream,
The devil triumphs in his scheme.

3 You labor hard on earth to find
Some sensual joys to please the mind;
But know that all the joys you have,
Will never reach beyond the grave.

4 O leave the treach'rous paths you trod,
And turn ye starving souls to God;
The bread of life is at your door,
O taste and starve your souls no more.

HYMN 224. Part 2d—C. M.

An ficed sinner awakened.

O WHAT a wretched sinner, Lord!
I now begin to see,
The danger of the ways I've trod,
But know not where to flee.

2 Long have I turn'd my back on thee,
And slighted all thy grace;
Yet pity Lord, O pity me,
And let me see thy face.

3 O should I now yield up my breath,
I must go down to dwell



In chains of everlasting death,
With sinners cast to hell.

4 Lord change my heart, or I am gone;
O give me life divine!
Though I am old, may I be born,
A heav'nly child of thine.

HYMN 225, Part 2d—S. M.

Love to the saints.

I LOVE the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk in paths of righteousness,
And fly from ev'ry sin.

2 They will my faults reprove,
When heedlessly I err;
How do I prize their faithful love!
Their kind and tender care.

3 They Jesus' image bear;
How lovely is the sight;
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.

4 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will;
They humbly follow Christ the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.

HYMN 226.

319

5 Their footsteps I'll pursue
With vigor till I die ;
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.

6 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here ;
But how divine will be the joy,
To see each other there.

HYMN 226, Part 2d—L. M.

Sinners invited to Christ.

SINNERS, behold the Saviour stands
With pardon in his bleeding hands,
To court you from the jaws of hell,
That you in perfect bliss may dwell.

2 His spirit with its healing pow'r,
Stands knocking, pleading at your door ;
He'll bind the wounds that sin has made,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.

3 O stifle not the heav'nly voice,
But hear and in his name rejoice ;
Attend the call, his love embrace,
And taste the sweetness of his grace.

4 He'll be your Father and your Friend,
Your heart shall sing, your sorrows end ;
He'll feed you with immortal love,
And bring you to his courts above.

HYMN 227; Part 2d—L. M.

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart.

COME dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know;
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

HYMN 228, Part 2d—C. M.

The Prodigal Son.

AFFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And taught him to repent.

2 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

3 "Father, I've sinn'd—but O, forgive!"
"I've heard enough," he said,

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"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

4 Now let the fatten'd calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost but now is found."

5 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

HYMN 229, Part 2d—11s.

Redemption.

COME friends and relations, let's join heart and
hand,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
Let's all walk together and follow the sound,
And march to the place where redemption is
found.

2 The place is not hidden, nor is it conceal'd,
All mortals may know it, for 'tis now reveal'd;
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,
And there find redemption from sorrows and woe.

3 And you my dear brethren who love my dear Lord
Who've witness'd free pardon thro' faith in his word,
Let patience attend you wherever you be,
In Christ you've redemption, 'tis purchas'd, 'tis free.

4 We read of commotions and signs in the skies,
 'The sun and the moon shall be clothed in disguise ;
 And when you shall see all these tokens appear,
 Then lift up your heads, your Redemption draws
 near.

5 O then the archangel the trumpet shall sound,
 And wake all the saints that sleep under the
 ground ;
 The sound of the trumpet shall bid you arise
 To meet your redemption with joy and surprise.

6 And then loving Jesus our souls will receive,
 From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve ;
 Then we shall be perfect, then we shall be free
 We'll sing of Redemption wherever we be.

7 Redeemed from sin, and redeemed from death,
 Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from the
 earth,
 Redeem'd from damnation, redeem'd from all woe,
 We'll sing of Redemption wherever we go.

8 Redeem'd from pain and redeem'd from distress.
 'The fruits of redemption no tongue can express !
 Redemption was purchas'd by Jesus' free love,
 We'll sing of Redemption in heaven above.

HYMN 230, Part 2d—C. M.

"The whole earth is full of thy glory."

JÉHOVAH! we adore thy name,
 And bow before thy throne ;

HYMN 231.

323

Created nature all proclaim
That thou art God alone.

2 The sun pours forth his radiant light
Thy glory to display ;
How weak an emblem of thy sight
Is his most piercing ray.

3 The starry home of heaven combine
To sing aloud thy praise ;
And will forever, while they shine,
Their songs exulting raise,

4 Through vast immensity thine eye
Can instantly survey
Ten thousand worlds that roll on high,
Which all thy word obey.

5 O! how unspeakable thy love
To mortal man below :
Still may they all thy pity prove,
From whom all blessings flow.

HYMN 231, Part 2d — C. M.

Faith of things unseen.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,

Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made,
By God's Almighty word:
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obeyed the Lord.

4 He sought a city, fair and high,
Built by th' Eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

HYMN 232, Part 2d—7.

Desire for Holiness.

DANIEL'S wisdom may I know;
Stephen's faith and patience show;
John's divine communion feel;
Moses' meekness Joshua's zeal;
Run like the unwearied Paul;
Win the prize and conquer all.

2 Mary's love may I possess—
Lydia's tender-heartedness:
Peter's ardent spirit feel;
James's faith by works reveal:
Like young Timothy, may I
Ev'ry sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission let me show;
David's true devotion know;

Samuel's call ~~so~~ may I hear !
 Lazarus' happy portion share :
 Let Isaiah's hallowed fire
 All my new born soul inspire !

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer ;
 Gideon's valiant steadfast care ;
 Joseph's purity impart ;
 Isaac's meditative heart—
 Abram's friendship—let me prove
 Faithful to the God of love !

5 Most of all may I pursue
 That example JESUS drew ;
 In my life and conduct show
 How he lived and walk'd below :
 Day by day, through grace bestow'd,
 Imitate my dearest Lord.

6 Then shall I these worthies meet :
 With them bow at Jesus' feet,
 With them praise the God of love,
 With them share the joys above,
 With them range the blissful shore ;
 Meet them all to part no more.

HYMN 233, Part 2d—L. M.

A propitious gale longed for.

A T anchor laid, remote from home,
 Toiling I cry, " Sweet Spirit come !

HYMN 234, 235.

Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way!

2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail;
'Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale!"

HYMN 234, Part 2d—C. M.

After Baptism.

PROCLAIM, saith Christ, my wondrous
To all the sons of men; [grace,
He that believes and is baptiz'd,
Salvation shall obtain.

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
'This day have publicly declar'd
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the christian race;
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

HYMN 235, Part 2d—C. M.

Believers buried with Christ in Baptism.

THUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood;
To shew he must be soon baptiz'd
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid
 Beneath the yielding wave;
 'Thus was his sacred body rais'd,
 Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
 In thy own footsteps tread;
 Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
 Our ever-living head.

HYMN 236, Part 2d—C. M.

O WITH what pleasure we behold
 Sinners to Canaan move,
 Leaving the fleeting things of earth,
 For greater things above.

2 These saints have openly confess'd
 The great Immanuel's name;
 And with delight the church receives
 The lovers of the Lamb.

3 Lord, may they ever live to thee,
 And grow in heavenly love;
 Still may they fight the fight of faith,
 Till crown'd with those above.

HYMN 237, Part 2d—L. M.

At a Church Meeting before Experiences.

NOW we are met in holy fear,
 To hear the happy saints declare,

HYMN 238.

The free compassion of a God,
The virtue of a Saviour's blood.

2 Jesus assist them now to trace,
What they've experienced by thy grace;
O Saviour help them now to show,
The work Almighty love can do.

3 While to the church they freely own
What for their souls the Lord hath done,
We'd join to praise eternal love,
And heighten all the joys above.

HYMN 238, Part 2d—6 & 8.

The fear of the Lord is to hate evil.

NOW whilst I try my heart
By this unerring word,
My conscience can assert,
I truly fear the Lord.

I cannot tread the paths of sin,
I long for holiness within.

2 Yes, holiness of heart,
I would more largely share,
I mourn with inward smart
The evils that are there.

I hate my thoughts whenever vain,
I would from every sin abstain.

3 I hate this wretched pride,
These covetous desires;

I'd have them crucified,
 For Christ my heart requires.
 Jesus, do thou these foes subdue,
 O make me more sincere and true !

4 I'd live alone to thee,
 I love t' obey thy word,
 Well pleas'd that thou should'st be
 My Saviour and my Lord.
 To thee I now resign my heart,
 Renew it, Lord, in ev'ry part.

HYMN 139, Part 2d—7s.

The Christian's Inquiry.

THIS a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought,
 Do I love the Lord or no ?
 Am I his, or am I not ?

2 If I love, why am I thus ?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Prayer a task and burden prove,
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love ?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
 All is darkness, vain and wild ;

HYMN 240.

Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
Ye that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—Is it thus with you ?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?

7 Should I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhorr'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?

8 Lord, decide this doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If indeed it is begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin this day.

HYMN 240, Part 2d—S. M.

I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.

I AM, saith Christ, the Way ;
Now if we credit him,

All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith Christ, the Truth;
Then all that lack this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith Christ, the Life;
Let this be seen by faith,
It follows without further strife,
That all beside is death.

4 If what these words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply,
The simplest christian shall not err,
Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

HYMN 241, Part 2d—C. M.

Sinai and Sion.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.



HYMN 242.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight !

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven ;
And God the Judge of all declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest ;
The man who dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

HYMN 242, Part 2d—7.

*Said to have been composed by three Indians, who
were graduates at Dartmouth College, at a fa-
vourite bower, on parting.*

WHEN shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again ?
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
 Parch'd beneath a hostile sky ;
 Though the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls :
 And in fancy's wide domain,
 Oft shall we three meet again.

3 When our burnished locks are gray,
 Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day ;
 When around this youthful pine,
 Moss shall creep, and ivy twine ;
 Long may this loved bower remain,
 Here may we three meet again.

4 When the dreams of life are fled,
 When its wasted lamps are dead,
 When in cold oblivion's shade,
 Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid ;
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 There may we three meet again.

HYMN 243, Part 2d—C. M.

The Christian Soldier.

HARK ! listen to the the trumpeters,
 They call for volunteers ;
 On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount
 Behold their officers :
 Their garments white, their armor bright,
 With courage bold they stand,
 Enlisting soldiers for their King,
 To march to Canaan's land.

HYMN 244.

- 2 It sets my heart all in a flame,
 A soldier for to be ;
 I will enlist, gird on my arms,
 And fight for liberty—
 We want no cowards in our band,
 Who will their colors fly ;
 We call for valliant-hearted men,
 Who're not afraid to die.
- 3 To see their armies on parade,
 How martial they appear ;
 All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
 They look like men of war.
 They follow their great General,
 The great all-conq'ring King,
 His garments stain'd in his own blood,
 King Jesus is his name.
- 4 Lift up your hearts, ye soldiers bold,
 Redemption's drawing nigh ;
 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
 That shakes both earth and sky.
 In fiery chariots we shall ride,
 And leave this world on fire,
 And all surround the glorious throne,
 And join the heavenly choir.

HYMN 244, Part 2d—S. M.

Christ dying, rising and reigning.

WHY did the Gentiles rage,
 And Jews with one accord,

Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord ?

2 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design ;
Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,
Against his Christ they join.

3 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne ;
He who hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

4 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth ;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly birth.

5 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance ;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

6 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod ;
He'll vindicate those honours well
Which he received from God.

7 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place ;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.

HYMN 245, 246.

HYMN 245, Part 2d—9. & 8.

The valley of repose.

LOW down in this beautiful valley,
 Where love crowns the meek and the
 Where loud storms of envy and folly, [lowly,
 May roll on their billows in vain;
 The low soul in humble subjection,
 Shall here find unshaken protection,
 The soft gales of cheering reflection,
 The mind soothed from sorrow and pain.

2 This low vale is far from contention,
 Where no soul can dream of dissension,
 No dark wiles of evil invention,
 Can find out this region of peace;
 O there, there, the Lord will deliver,
 And souls drink of this beautiful river,
 Which flows peace forever and ever,
 Where love and joy will ever increase.

HYMN 246, Part 2d—S. P. M.

The blessings of friendship.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
 Kindred and friends agree;
 Each in his proper station move
 And each fulfil his part,
 With sympathizing heart,
 In all the cares of life and love!

HYMN 247, Part 2d—11s.

HOW happy, how glorious, how joyful to feel,
 The love that's immortal, with heavenly zeal,
 The love that is perfect, the love that is pure,
 That we may with patience all things well endure

2 I want to feel little, more simple more mild,
 More like my blest master and more like a child,
 More humble, more thankful, more lovely in mind,
 More watchful, more prayerful, more loving and kind.

3 I want to love wisdom, which comes from above,
 I want to be harmless and more like a dove,
 I want to be cleansed from sin's filthy stain,
 Have Godlike contentment which is a great gain.

4 I want to be stripped from all human pride,
 All anger and malice I would lay aside;
 From sin and from bondage, I would be set free,
 And live my dear Saviour; live only to thee.

5 I want my affections set on things above,
 I want my heart fill'd with the purest of love,
 I want my faith stronger my anchor hope sure,
 And like a good soldier, all hardness endure.

6 While suff'ring, enduring, in duty believe,
 Forgiving if any my spirit should grieve;
 Remembering at all times what Jesus did say,
 And set out anew and begin ev'ry day.

7 Come love and sweet union for you I do call
I want to feel more love, yea, more love to all.
O come my beloved, come hasten to me,
That into thy glory I changed may be.

8 Come brothers and sisters, come aged and youth,
And all who are willing to walk in the truth,
Come fill up your vessels with union and love,
And on our blest journey let's joyfully move.

9 My faith and my hope, and my love and my
zeal

I want in subjection to God's holy will;
My light I want clearer that beholders may see
How faith and good works in sweet union agree.

10 My union I want with the Father and Son;
I want that perfected which Christ has begun,
With love and sweet union, which soothes ev'ry
care,
And with my dear brethren all burdens to bear.

11 When time is no more, and from earth we re-
move,
To dwell in the regions of pure light above;
With saints and with angels we'll praise him
again,
And sing hallelujah forever, amen.

HYMN 248.

339

HYMN 248, Part 2d—8 & 7.

The Missionary's farewell..

YES, my native land, I love thee,
 All thy scenes, I love them well;
 Friends, connexions, happy country,
 Can I bid you all farewell?
 Must I leave you, can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
 Joys no stranger's heart can tell;
 Happy home, 'tis sure I love thee,
 Can I, must I say farewell?
 Must I leave thee, can I leave thee;
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
 Holy days and sabbath-bell;
 Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
 Can I say a last farewell!
 Must I leave you, can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I love so well,
 Far away, ye billows, bear me,
 Lovely native land, farewell!
 Pleas'd I leave thee, pleas'd I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

HYMN 249.

5 In the desert let me labor,
 On the mountains let me tell
 How he died, the blessed Saviour,
 To redeem a world from hell.
 Let me hasten, let me hasten,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
 Let the winds the canvass swell:
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
 While I go far hence to dwell.
 Glad I leave thee, glad I leave thee,
 Native land, farewell, farewell..

HYMN 249, Part 2d—L. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

THE gloomy night hath gather'd o'er,
 And loud was heard the tempest's roar;
 'The flatt'ring day of joy had fled,
 My youthful dreams forsook my head.
 Deep sullen night with all its gloom,
 Now threaten'd death my instant doom!
 A rising cloud conceal'd each gem,
 It hid the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Dark was the cloud of sin that rose,
 While fear my sinking spirits froze;
 The gath'ring storm I view'd with dread,
 God's vengeance low'ring round my head.
 'Midst lightning's flash and thunder's roar,
 I saw the distant torrent pour;

In darkness left its force to stem,
I sought the Star of Bethlehem.

3 I view'd the dark beclouded sky,
Where many an orb once caught my eye,
Their borrow'd rays now veil'd in night,
No more my darken'd mind could light.
But as I search'd with tearful eyes,
I say a glorious orb arise ;
With joy I view'd the radiant gem,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

4 Sweet hope then hail'd the rising day,
And chas'd foreboding fear away ;
The gath'ring cloud soon wing'd its flight,
And I with joy embrac'd the light.
O, that sweet light to me is dear,
And as it glides from year to year,
The fairest in night's diadem,
I'll sing the Star of Bethlehem.

HYMN 250, Part 2d — C. M.

Comfort to those who seek a risen Jesus.

YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away ;
And bow with pleasure down to see,
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;
Such wonders love can do :

Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throb'd and bled for you.

3 A moment give a loose to grief,
Let grateful sorrows rise,
And wash the bloody stains away,
With torrents from your eyes.

4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again ;
Not all the bolts and bars of death,
The Conq'ror could retain.

5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonor'd head ;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy like this shall every saint,
His empty tomb survey ;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

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TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

*Hymns in this table marked thus *, relate to grace and love ; those marked thus †, are designed to be used at Baptism and the Lord's Supper ; and those marked thus ‡, are adapted to Funeral occasions.*

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What sound is this salutes my ear, ...	137
When shall we three meet again, ...	332
Why did the Gentiles rage, ...	334
Young people all, attention give, ...	113
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APPENDIX.—PART III.

HYMNS & SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BY DIFFERENT AUTHORS.

HYMN 1. Part 3d—S. M.

Invocation to the Spirit. John xiv. 26.

BLEST Comforter divine !
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw, with thy still small voice,
Us from each sinful way ;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of bliss wear.

4 Oh, fill thou every heart
With love to all our race !
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

HYMN 2, 3.

HYMN 2d. Part 3d—C. M.

The Broad and Narrow Way. Mat. vii. 13, 15.

SINNERS, behold that downward road
Which leads to endless wo ;
What multitudes of thoughtless souls
The road to ruin go !

2 But yonder see that narrow way
Which leads to endless bliss ;
There see a happy chosen few,
Redeem'd by sovereign grace.

3 They from destruction's city came,
To Zion upward tend ;
The Bible is their precious guide,
And God himself their friend.

4 Lord, I would now a pilgrim be—
Guide thou my feet aright ;
I would not for ten thousand worlds
Be banish'd from thy sight.

HYMN 3d. Part 3d—C. M.

The Rich Worldling. Luke xii. 16, 21.

MY Barns are full, my stores increase ;
And now for many years,
Soul, and drink, and take thine ease,
Secure from wants and fears."

HYMN 4.

3

2 Thus, while a worldling boasted once,
As many now presume,
He heard the Lord himself pronounce
His sudden, awful doom :

3 "This night, vain fool, thy soul must pass
Into a world unknown ;
And who shall then the stores possess
Which thou hast called thine own ?"

4 Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme,
For happiness below ;
Till death destroys the pleasing dream,
And they awake to wo.

HYMN 4th Part 3d—L. M.

The Helpless Sinner Looking to Christ.

LONG have I trod the way to hell,
And vainly dream'd that all was well ;
But now I feel my sins a load,
And I a stranger to my God.

2 I groan and turn at ev'ry breath,
And fain would fly from sin and death ;
But ah ! these bars of unbelief
Chain down my soul from all relief.

3 Far from myself my friends do stand,
While foes close round me on every hand ;
Where shall I hide, where shall I flee
For help, O Jesus, but to thee ?

4

HYMN 5.

4 To thee I'd come, O help, I pray,
And take this unbelief away ;
Thou mighty God, thou Prince of peace,
Give my imprison'd soul release.

HYMN 5. Part 3d—S. M.

The awakened sinner's reflection

0 AM I born to die,
With a polluted soul ?
Ah ! hurried to eternity,
As swift as time can roll.

2 I just begin to see ;
Oh ! Lord, what shall I do
How shall a wretched sinner see
From everlasting wo ?

3 I dare no longer stay
So nigh the jaws of hell ;
Yet how to go, or find the way
To Christ, I cannot tell.

4 O, Lord, though I am vile,
Receive me as I am ;
Let heaven's immortal goodness smile
On me, through Christ the Lamb.

HYMN 6, 7.

5

HYMN 6. Part 3d—C. M.

The aged sinner awakened.

O WHAT a wretched sinner, Lord !
I now begin to see
The dangers of the ways I trod,
But know not where to flee.

2 Long have I turn'd my back on thee,
And slighted all thy grace ;
Yet pity, Lord, O pity me,
And let me see thy face.

3 Lord, change my heart, or I am gone ;
O give me life divine !
Though I am old, may I be born
A heavenly child of thine.

HYMN 7. Part 3d—L. M.

The spirit striving. Gen. vi. 3.

O SINNER, hear the heavenly voice !
O hear the spirit's gracious call !
It bids thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

2 God's spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man ;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

HYMN 8, 9.

3 Sinner ! perhaps this very day,
 Thy last accepted time may be ;
 O, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
 'Then hope may never beam on thee.

HYMN 8. Part 3d—C. M.

The Jailer. Acts xvi. 30, 31.

“**W**HAT must I do,” the jailer cries,
 “To save my sinking soul ?”
 “Believe in Christ,” the word replies,
 “Thy faith shall make thee whole.”

2 Our works are all the works of sin—
 Our nature quite deprav'd ;
 Jesus alone can make us clean ;
 By grace are sinners sav'd.

3 Come sinners, then, the Saviour trust
 To wash you in his blood—
 To change your hearts—subdue your lusts—
 And bring you home to God.

HYMN 9. Part 3d—L. M.

Whereas I was Blind, now I See. John ix. 25.

NOW let my soul with wonder trace
 The Saviour's miracles of grace ;
 Now let my lips and life record
 The loving kindness of our Lord.

HYMN 10, 11.

2 Till late I fancied all was well,
Though walking in the road to hell ;
But now, through grace divinely free,
I, who was blind, am brought to see.

3 Long did I on the law rely,
And pass the Friend of sinners by ;
But what a glorious mystery !
Though I was blind, yet now I see!

HYMN 10. Part 3d—C. M.

After Baptism.

LET plentiful grace descend on those,
Who hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race ;
And through the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace.

HYMN 11. Part 3d—C. M.

My father's at the helm.

'T WAS when the sea, with awful roar,
A little bark assail'd,
And palid fear's distracting power
O'er each on board prevail'd—

2 Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who steadfast view'd the storm,
And cheerful with composure smiled—
At danger's threat'ning frown.

3 "Why sporting thus," a seaman cried;
"While terrors overwhelm?"
"Why yield to fear?" the boy replied—
"My father's at the helm."

HYMN 12. Part 3d—C. M.

Longing for the Image of Christ.

O, FOR a heart to praise my God—
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great redeemer's throne—
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From those that dwell within.

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,—
A copy, Lord of thine,

HYMN 13, 14.

9

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come, quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy, new, best name of love.

HYMN 13. Part 3d---C. M.

The Lord's Prayer. Mat. vi. 9, 13

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallow'd be thy name ;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
In heaven and earth, the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread ;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us; so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not ;
From evil set us free ;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory, ever be.

Note.—Composed by one of the Baptist Missionaries
while in prison in Burmah.

HYMN 14. Part 3d---L. M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

10

HYMN 15, 16.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good :
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN 15. Part 3d---C. M.

Early Rising. Mark i. 35.

MY lovely Jesus, while on earth,
Arose before 'twas day,
And to a solitary place
Departed, there to pray.

2 I'll do as did my blessed Lord ;
His footsteps I will trace.
I love to meet him in the grove,
And view his smiling face.

3 Early I'll rise, and sing, and pray,
While I the light enjoy ;
May this bless'd work, from day to day
My heart and tongue employ.

HYMN 16. Part 3d---8. 7.

WHILE the heralds of salvation
God's abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Glad join to spread his name.

2 May his kingdom be promoted ;
May the world the Savior know.

HYMN 17.

11

Be my all to him devoted ;
To my Lord my all I owe.

3 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations ;
Praise him, all ye hosts above ;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.

HYMN 17. Part 3d---C. M.

Angel's Song.

SHEPHERDS, rejoice ! lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away ;
News from the region of the skies,
Salvation's born to-day.

2 Jesus, the Lord, whom angels fear,
Has come to dwell with you ;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 Go shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne ;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.

4 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heav'nly armies throng ;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song :---

5 Glory to God who reigns above,
 Let peace surround the earth ;
 Mortals shall know their Maker's love
 At their Redeemer's birth.

HYMN 18. Part 3d---C. M.

Christ dying on the Cross.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
 Nailed to the shameful tree ;
 How vast the love that him inclined
 To bleed and die for me.

2 Hark ! how he groans, while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend ;
 The temple's vale asunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend,

3 'T is done ! the precious ransom's paid,
 "Receive my soul !" he cries ;
 See---how he bows his sacred head ;
 He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's iron-chain,
 And in full glory shine ;
 O Lamb of God, was ever pain---
 Was ever love like thine ?

HYMN 19. Part 3d---L/M.

Buried in Baptism.

DO we not know that solemn word,
 That we are buried with the Lord,

HYMN 20.

18

Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin ?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt and death ;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And live to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again ;
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 20. Part 3d---C. M.

Land of Rest.

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh !
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home ?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome ;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest ;
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home,

HYMN 21.

4 I could at once have quit this place,
Where foes in fury roam,
But ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

5 When, by afflictions sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

HYMN 21. Part 3d---L. M.

HAD we the tongue of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, we are found
Like tinkling brass---of empty sound.

2 Were we inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could our faith the world remove,
Still we are nothing without love.

3 Should we distribute all our store
To feed the hungry---clothe the poor;
Or give our bodies to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name---

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HYMN 22.

15

If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all our hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN 22. Part 3d---S. M.

NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song ;
We, pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With praises pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair !
No lurking snares entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring ;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See ! Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise ;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Are sparkling through the skies.

5 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way ;
And safely leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

HYMN 23, 24.

HYMN 23. Part 3d.--H. M.

YE DYING sons of men,
Immerged in sin and wo!
Now mercy calls again,
Its message is to you!
Ye perishing and guilty, come!
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
Christ bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready--sinners come!
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Drawn by his dying love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near!
He calls you from above,
The Shepherd's voice now hear:
To him who ever will may come,
In Jesu's arms there still is room.

HYMN 24. Part 3d---C. M.

Heaven invisible and holy.

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepared
For those that love the Son.

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2 But the good Spirit of the Lord,
Reveals a heaven to come :
The beams of glory in his word -
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips, no envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame,
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found ;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

HYMN 25. Part 3d---L. M.

The parting hand.

MY dearest friends in bonds of love,
Whose heart in sweetest union move,
Your friendship's like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.
Your comp'ny sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear,
And when I see that we must part,
You draw, like cords, around my heart.

2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
 Since we have met to sing and pray !
 How loath we've been to leave the place,
 Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
 O could I stay with friends so kind,
 How would it cheer my drooping mind,
 But duty makes me understand,
 That we must take the parting hand.

3 Then since it is God's holy will,
 We must be parted for a while,
 In sweet submission all as one,
 We'll say "Our Father's will be done."
 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
 And heard you tell your hopes and fears,
 Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
 Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

4 I hope you'll all remember me,
 If you no more on earth I see :
 An int'rest in your prayers I crave,
 That we may meet beyond the grave.
 O glorious day, O blessed hope !
 My heart leaps forward at the thought,
 When in that happy, happy land,
 We'll no more take the parting hand.

HYMN 26. Part 3d---C. M.

Troubled, but making God a refuge.

DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee when sorrows rise,

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HYMN 27.

19

On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious Lord, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat:
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN 27. Part 3d---S. M.

Breud of Life.

BEHOLD the gift of God!
Sinners, adore his name,
Who shed for us his precious blood,
Who bore our curse and shame.



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2 Behold the living bread,
Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live.

3 Behold the Saviour's love,
Who gives his flesh to eat;
Never did angels taste above
Provisions half so sweet.

4 The Lord delights to give;
He knows you've nought to buy;
To Jesus haste;—this bread receive,
And you shall never die.

HYMN 28. Part 3d—4 lines 7's.

COME, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter each devoted breast;
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

2 Bid our sin and sorrow cease;
Fill us with thy heavenly peace:
Joy divine we then shall prove,
Light of truth—and fire of love.

HYMN 29. Part 3d—C. M.

Death and eternity.

STOOP down my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death,

HYMN 30.

21

Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath !

2 His quiv'ring lips hang feebly down,
His pulse is faint and few ;
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 And must my body faint and die ?
And must this soul remove ?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above !

4 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust ;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into the dust.

HYMN 30. Part 3d---8 & 7.

BRETHREN, we have met to worship,
And adore the Lord our God,
Will you pray in faith and fervor,
While we strive to preach the word ?
All is vain, unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One comes down ;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

2 Brethren, don't you see poor sinners
Slumb'ring on the brink of wo ;

Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to see them go?
There are fathers, there are mothers,
And their children sinking down, &c.

3 Brethren there's the poor backslider,
Who was once near heaven's door ;
But, alas ! he's sold his Savior,
And is worse than e'er before ;
But the Savior proffers pardon,
If he will repent and turn, &c.

4 Sisters, will you join and help us ?
(Moses' sister helped him ;)
Will you seek the trembling mourner,
Who is lab'ring hard with sin ?
Tell them all about the Savior,
Tell them that he will be found :
Sisters, &c.

5 Let us love our Lord supremely ;
Let us love each other too ;
Let us strengthen one another,
Till our Lord makes all things new,
And when we get home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down ;
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

HYMN 31.

23

HYMN 31. Part 3d.---8 & 7.

Grateful recollection.

COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Blessed mount, O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy grace I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be;
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring soul to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God of love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 32. Part 3d—P. M.

Come and welcome to Christ Jesus.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with power:
 He is able, he is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify,
 True belief and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh:
 Without money, without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and torn by sin and thrall
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous, not the righteous,
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 View him grov'ling in the garden,
 Lo, your Savior prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him,
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finish'd, it is finish'd:"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

HYMN 33.

25

5 Lo, the Son of God, ascended,
Pleads the virtue of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN 33. Part 3d---P. M.

Bruce's Address transposed.

CHRISTIANS, Christ for you hath bled,
He for you the way hath led,
Welcome to the Christian war,
Crowns and victory.
Now's the day, and now's the hour
See the front of battle low'r,
See, Apollyon's power,
Chains and slavery.

2 Who will be a traitor knave?
Who will fill a Judas' grave?
Or to Satan be a slave?
Let him turn and flee.

Who for Zion's King and Lord,
Freedom's two-edged sword will guard,
Fighting for the great reward?
Let him follow on.

3 Bigots war and give us pain,
Sects will treat us with disdain,
Seek our sentiments to stain,
Yet we will be free.
Lay the proud and haughty low,
Satan, sin, and ev'ry foe;
Let us full salvation know,
Through Emmanuel.

4 Then we'll joyful sing in death,
Shouting with our latest breath,
Gladly bid adieu to earth,
With triumphant faith.
Then we'll reach th' immortal shore,
War and battles rage no more,
To eternity we'll soar,
Endless crowns to share.

HYMN 34. Part 3d—7s.

"Lovest thou me?"

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word,
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee!
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

HYMN 34.

27

2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

6 Lord it is my chief complaint,
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

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MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

WE are gathered together in the sight of God, and in the face of this Company, to join together this Man and this Woman in holy Matrimony; which is commended of Saint Paul to be honorable among all men. The ordinance of Marriage was first instituted of God, in an early day. "And the Lord God said, It is not good that man should be alone." It was also sanctioned by JESUS CHRIST, at the Marriage in Cana of Galilee, where JESUS performed a miracle. God has commanded that men should love their wives as their own bodies; "He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it even as the Lord the Church. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and shall be joined to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh."

I require and charge you both, (as ye will answer at the dreadful day of Judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed,) that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in Matrimony, ye do confess it; for be ye well assured that if any persons are joined together otherwise than as God's word doth allow, their Marriage is not lawful. (*Please join hands.*)

SIR,—Wilt thou have this Lady that you hold by the hand to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour and keep her in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, as long as ye both shall live? (*I will.*)

MADAM,—Wilt thou have this gentlemen that holds you by the hand, to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of Matrimony? Wilt thou love, honour and keep him in sickness and health, and forsaking all others as long as ye both shall live? (*I will.*)

I pronounce you in the presence of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and these witnesses, to be lawfully Husband and Wife. "And whosoever God hath joined together let no man put asunder." (*Let us pray.*)

OUR Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

ETERNAL GOD, Creator and preserver of all mankind, giver of all spiritual grace, the Author of everlasting life, send thy blessing upon this man and this woman, whom we bless in Thy name: that as Isaac and Rebecca lived faithfully together; so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant made between them in the presence of these witnesses, by joining hands, and may they ever remain in perfect love and peace together, and live according to Thy laws. In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

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